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Some Recollections
of
John V. Farwell

*A Brief Description of His
Early Life and Work
JOHN V. FARWELL
AT 80 YEARS OF AGE
Reminiscences



Chicago
R. E. Henderson & Son's Company
1901



JOHN V. FARWELL
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Chicago
R. R. Donnelley & Sons Company
1911

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Preface

SOME years before John V. Farwell died he took great pleasure in using spare moments to write out for his children some reminiscences of his early life in Illinois. Such accounts of early conditions, which are in great contrast with those of any succeeding period, become more interesting as each decade passes by.

With that idea in mind, and knowing that his grandchildren and those who come after them would especially appreciate some permanent record of these events, we, his children, have arranged these papers, letters, and manuscripts, not for any general circulation, but simply for the immediate family.

The reminiscences, being written with no direct purpose of publication, contain many personal references and unimportant details which would be of no great interest except to those who feel the tie of loving relationship.

Nothing is more full of romance than the lives of the pioneers of the east or the west, the strong characters who with untiring vitality, courage, mental capacity, and moral force made a city out of a sandy waste, and wrung prosperity for themselves and their fellows out of most adverse and trying conditions.

Preface

We believe the descendants of our father would like to feel in some personal touch with this romance, and to get a slight idea of the important part played by their ancestor in helping to give to Chicago that firm foundation and wonderful impetus which has made her and will continue to make her one of the great cities of the world.

In loving memory of our father, and speaking for all his children, I write this short preface, to indicate the character of this narrative and the purpose in printing it.

JOHN V. FARWELL, JR.

Some Recollections of John D. Farwell

EARLY LIFE

IN 1838, when I was thirteen years of age, my father concluded to leave Big Flats, New York, for a farm of his own in Ogle County, Illinois, and started there on a "prairie schooner." The first day's journey brought us to an uncle's residence. The next day was the Fourth of July, which was celebrated with a flag floating from the canvas of our land schooner, and every boy had a Washington military cocked hat—the handiwork of our mother—made from the raw material of a newspaper, which attracted the attention of everybody on the road. Our policeman was a large spaniel dog, named "Sport," who had his decoration of stars and stripes also. He was made for business, however, as well as sport, as was evidenced by the fact that whenever in his presence a big dog tackled a little one, it was his invariable police regulation to whip the big dog, and then proceed on his journey as though nothing had happened. How many little dogs were indebted to him for protection, from New York to Illinois, I did not keep count, but the scene was

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enacted nearly every day, to remind us that some dogs are more benevolent than some men in their care of the needy. It reminded me of a jocular friend who once said: "The more I know of dogs the less I think of men, and the more I know of men the more I think of dogs."

The third day out, at dinner in our schooner, an iron-bound, hair-covered trunk was placed on the hind wheel to get it out of the way of the preparations. By some mishap it fell off the wheel, and landed its iron-bound corner on one of my bare feet, near the toes. An undergraduate of a quack advised holding it under a stream of cold spring water, which coagulated the blood into a bunch as big as a hen's egg, about as quick as a smart hen could lay it, and made an invalid of me for three months.

We took a steamer at Buffalo for Detroit, and the next day after landing came to another uncle's, near there, for a few days' rest. When we started again the woods were full of tall bush huckleberries, which were so attractive as, notwithstanding my lameness, to make me anxious for a full meal of them. This excursion, together with the effort to overtake the schooner, was too much for my lame foot, and put me back for several days. Before reaching Illinois I had contracted fever and ague, but, thanks to a better doctor than my foot physician, a very bitter dose of some

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herb medicine relieved me of that miniature physical earthquake.

Chicago was our next objective point, and it was truly "a one-horse mud town," and it did not lose that cognomen, applied to it by competitive western cities, until it had far outstripped them all in the race for pre-eminence.

A most vivid recollection of Illinois is that drawn from a "prairie schooner," containing the Farwell family, July, 1838, bound for Rock River. Old Fort Dearborn—erected to fight Indians—was then one of Chicago's notable structures. The rest were mostly one and two story wood buildings. There was a population of about 2,000.

The journey to Rock River was over wild prairies, with here and there a stopping place for travelers at small groves of timber, of which there were very few; so that it became a common saying, when no timber was in sight, that we were "out of sight of land." Arriving at our destination, the twenty-foot-square log house, instead of being prepared for our reception, was filled with garden truck, and our moving "prairie schooner" tabernacle had still to do duty as our habitation until the house was cleaned out and renovated.

The next vivid picture upon the canvas of my memory is composed of two families in our log house—fourteen in number—all but

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my mother and the baby sick with chills and fever, and the doctor sitting on a trunk in the center dealing out medicine. Father was completely overcome with this dismal picture and proposed to mother to go back to our old home in New York State as soon as we were well enough. Mother replied: "We have come here to make a home for ourselves and our children, and, God helping us, we will stay and accomplish our purpose."

This settled it, and father said to the doctor: "All these depend on me for support, and you must cure me at once for that purpose." The necessity of the situation opened the way for the doctor and Providence to effect his cure, and only one of the fourteen found a grave before a new commodious log house was finished, so that each family had a roof of its own. In the mean time some of us were real shakers, for the fever and ague did not leave us for months. To see us shake with the chills was a moving picture not to be produced in any other way.

In such a wild country, with scattered groves for hiding places and trackless prairies between, horse thieves found a paradise for their theater of operations, and improved it so energetically that to own a good horse was to invite their visits, until it became necessary to organize a vigilance committee to clear the country of this human pest. The honest farmers were no sooner organized and ready for work than the

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chairman of that committee was called to the door of his house in the night and shot dead.

The next day the country was alive with excitement and the committee was full of deadly determination to attend to its special business. All the members of a family, one of whom had done the shooting, were arrested in the night and brought within a mile and a half of my father's house for trial and execution. It being the Saturday before a Methodist quarterly meeting, the whole neighborhood was gathered at the school house.

Soon a rider was observed coming toward the school house at a rapid pace, and, on reaching it, he besought the people to come and rescue the Driscolls, for the vigilance committee were about to shoot them. Before he had finished his graphic appeal the crack of thirty rifles was heard, and that gang of thieves was four less in number. Six of the thirty rifles had bullets in them and the rest had blank cartridges, so that no one of the thirty men knew positively that he had made one of the six bullet holes that were found in the dead men.

The news of this deed spread like a prairie fire, and the thieves, owning the best horses in the country, made good their escape. Thus, horse stealing became a thing of the past. Attempts had been made in the courts to convict those found with stolen horses, but in every case they could command a dozen witnesses to prove that they had innocently

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bought their horses of so-and-so; therefore, they went clear. Now, an attempt was made to arraign the vigilance committee for murder, but the courts would not listen, no doubt on the basis that lynch law was the only unwritten statute available to meet the emergency of the times, when the frontier was filled with fugitives from justice from the older states, seeking a place where law had little terror for them, until Judge Lynch put an effectual veto on their lawlessness.

In the winter of 1838-39 Indians, moving out of Illinois into Iowa, camped near our home. They got some whiskey, instead of gospel, from some of these frontier human fiends, and two were killed in a drunken brawl. I visited their camp and for the first time saw the Indians who once populated all North America. They had caught some muskrats and I saw them cook and eat those animals. They dug a hole in the ground, put in it a raw skin of some kind, filled it with water, then heated some stones red-hot and put them in the water with the muskrats, whole, making it boil until they were cooked. Then the Indians ate them, entrails and all, with an appetite that proved that "the survival of the fittest" had made them competent to feed on such a diet.

At that time there were only a few miles of railroad out of Albany westward and only six miles of railroad out of Detroit, and none in



THE ROCK RIVER



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Illinois. Now the whole United States is gridironed with railroads. Indians are few in number and we are the most honored nation on earth. If my father had bought a half section of land near the lake, two miles south of Chicago River, for a farm, as he might have done, instead of a squatter's claim on Rock River, and held on to it for daily bread through the sweat of our brows, he might have been a millionaire before he died, and his children might have been a rich man's nobodies, instead of taking some part, years after, in making Chicago what it is to-day.

SPORTS

It is not to be supposed that the early settlers of Illinois were without sports and recreation. The vast prairies were so full of prairie chickens that in the breeding season their music was heard on every breeze. The scanty forests were crowded with squirrels, raccoons and deer. Beautiful Rock River swarmed with enough fish to feed a continent. Black bass, as game as speckled trout, and catfish weighing from one to seventy pounds, were always obtainable in their season.

There were no twenty-dollar rods to be had, and there was no money to buy them with if there had been such rods; but a spear for night work and a hook and line and pole that did the business in the daylight, were imported from Chicago. Suppose we accom-

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pany the farmer's boys on a night foray. They are in a boat, provided with an iron grate in front to hold a torch made of hickory bark — there are no pine knots in that region. Proceeding slowly up the stream, it is not long before they strike a twenty-pound pickerel, which struggles for freedom with such force as to break the spear handle. However, enough of the fiber remains intact to land the fish on the bottom of the boat. Numerous smaller fish are obtained after that; then a twenty-pound catfish is caught on the spear. When landed inside the boat its strength is sufficient to make havoc of our seat with its swinging tail, reminding its captors that it must be thrust under the gunwale in front or it will soon unload the boat of all the smaller fish. That ends the night's sport, which has resulted in the capture of two fish weighing forty pounds, and enough smaller ones to bring up the total catch to 100 pounds. That is enough to last the two families represented for a week, after a bountiful share has been given to the neighbors.

Black bass were caught from a high rock, rising fifty to seventy-five feet out of the river. The eddying current below made it ideal fishing ground. Bass weighing from two to five pounds could always be had there, in season, for the effort of catching them, and no finer fish swim than those taken from the clear, cold water of Rock River. Catfish were also

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caught with hook and line. One hallelujah Methodist, with less common-sense than noise, hooked a seventy-pounder and, on drawing it ashore where his catch was visible, he became very religious, making the welkin ring with his "Glory, hallelujah!" It is the only instance I know of in which a catfish was the means of religious inspiration.

Prairie chickens, raccoons, and deer supplied meat for the early settlers in the fall and winter seasons, and at the same time they gave the hardy frontiersmen plenty of exercise, as well as sport. Suppose we go out with the same party with "coon" dogs for a night's hunt. Soon we hear the barking of the dogs, informing us that the unwary raccoons are, by invitation of the dogs, up a tree, waiting for us to take care of them. That is done in the following fashion: The most handy climber mounts the tree and with a club knocks the raccoons insensible, so that they let go their hold and drop to the ground, where the dogs form a reception committee as noisy as a brass band. To this uproar the "coon" adds his unavailing protest against a personal attack.

Incidents of this sort are repeated several times and then the return journey begins, which is interrupted by an extraordinary incident. A deer that has been sleeping among the top branches of a fallen tree attempts to rise and run just as the dogs are passing. It

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gets entangled in the tree limbs and so becomes an easy prey to the dogs. Never before have the "coon" dogs captured a deer. Thus fresh meat is supplied to the house for a month without drawing on the farmyard.

It was not all night hunting, however. One of the farmers, going to a neighbor's to grind his knife for butchering, had his watch-dog along with him. On the way they ran across a huge buck with one hind leg broken. The dog had the sense to tackle the deer's well hind leg, and of course the deer's attempt to kick with that leg threw it to the ground, where it was an easy prey to the butcher's knife, while the dog held it down. Of course this was not sport—except that "Sport" was the name of the dog that made the capture possible—but it was a good way of supplying the farmer with meat. In due time, also, buckskin mittens were another very useful product of that morning's exploit.

Not infrequently, when snow was on the ground, the deer traveled in droves of from three to twenty, going from one grove to another. I remember seeing a drove of twenty deer passing in front of a farmer's house. A boy named Charlie Farwell, with a shotgun loaded with three bullets large enough to fill the barrel, started for them up a steep hill after they had passed the brow. Arriving at that point, he raised his gun and fired, whereupon he

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suddenly turned several somersaults backwards down the hill. His gun went off at both ends effectually. The muzzle of it had taken in two inches of snow in the ascent and was blown off at that point when he fired. Nothing daunted by his mishap, he hurried back to his shooting position and on to where the deer had been when he shot at them. There he found a great deal of blood on the snow. He followed the trail into a hazel thicket, but there it was lost. Consequently he concluded that he had merely drawn blood by a slight wound. But the following night was made hideous by the howling and quarreling of a pack of wolves that was holding high carnival over the carcass of the deer. Another search by daylight revealed the bones that were the only relics of the wolves' repast.

Prairie chickens hardly ever graced the tables of the early settlers. Without hunting dogs, prairie chickens were hard to get. They could always hide in the grass during the summer and fall, and during the winter they took to the trees in great flocks, where they could spy the hunter before he could get within gunshot. When hunting dogs took in the situation, a few years later, there was plenty of magnificent fun and there were also feasts that kings might have been proud of, whenever time could be spared from the farm work to make a raid on the chickens.

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Sport, the dog which already has been referred to, was a watch dog. When wolves howled around the house that he had to guard, he howled back at them the information that he was on duty. Such scenes, intermingled with raising corn for fuel and food, making brick and a wagon to transport them, together with constructing log cabin furniture, and similar employments, made life as picturesque as any modern city could make it. At the same time were produced brain and brawn which, with our boundless prairies of exceptional fertility, commingled to give us such men as Lincoln and Grant and such a wealth of agricultural products as served very soon to make Chicago the center of the Northwest. Judging by the past, this city will one day be the center of the world by the force of natural wealth utilized for general distribution.

Forty years, in Illinois, has witnessed more of progress than any other forty years in any other country the world has ever seen; and a look over one's shoulder at the Indian camp and at old Fort Dearborn, in Chicago, built as a defense against the Indians, from the standpoint of to-day makes one feel that his memories must certainly be only the wild creations of an excited imagination, instead of sober facts. We came in time to see the Indians leave this marvelous country, and now over 3,000,000 people have taken their place.

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The new log mansion was hardly finished before Rev. Mr. Mitchell, a presiding elder of the M. E. Church, made a meeting house of it, and the whole country for miles around came together for religious services. Rock River Seminary, at Mt. Morris, the protégé of the M. E. Church, soon sprang into being, and in it Henry Farwell—my father—took a deep interest; and here I spent several winters before going to Chicago, keeping “bachelor’s hall” in a little brick cabin built for that purpose, and acquiring such an education as that institution could give. This, with the robust constitution acquired in the work of opening up the new farm, was splendid capital with which to start business in after years in Chicago.

FARM LIFE

Rail-splitting was the first manual exercise in making a farm, and father and sons took all of this exercise that was required to fence in what seemed to York State farmers to be an enormous field. This done, C. B. and myself were drafted to do the prairie breaking, with a lot of steers bought for that purpose the previous year. The names of said steers were as follows, in pairs: Boz and Shakespeare, Polk and Dallas, Tippecanoe and Tyler too, Martin Van Buren and Franklin Pierce, Zach Taylor and Millard Fillmore. They, with an old pair of oxen named Moses

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and Nebuchadnezzar, made up the team with which the prairie field was turned over in double-quick time. Splendid crops followed, and those same steers were pressed into a transportation company to remove the surplus wheat to Chicago, when, after six or seven days, round trip, the returns showed gross receipts to be forty-five cents per bushel; which, but for making a hotel of our covered wagon, and carrying our own provisions for the time, would mostly have vanished in hotel bills.

The incidents of this transportation company would make a book of travels more lengthy than these pages will permit, and so we can only say they were — well — jolly, and — sometimes serious, when a bottomless slough was reached.

It is impossible to draw even a word picture, true to the facts, to represent the hardships of making farms and homes in Illinois, when lumber wagons represented the only transportation facilities, and everything was wanting but a wilderness of open prairie.

Let us take a look into one log cabin. First, chairs, tables, and bedsteads are needed, with only an ax, several augers, a saw, and a draw-shave for tools, and green timber for material. The corners of the cabin are taken for the location of beds, and only one post is required for two side pieces, the other two sides being fixed to the logs of the cabin, which make a very firm foundation for one or more occu-

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pants, according to size, and with room underneath for a lower story of beds. Chairs and tables are also in due time evolved from the same materials with the same tools, and a well-furnished frontiersman's home stands before you.

One singular fact is that we had a labor union in those early days. Whenever a man had his logs drawn for a house the neighbors all came together and rolled them into a house, without charge, except a good dinner, which always meant enough.

In a few years the recollection of eastern homes of brick and stone inspired in the minds of some neighbors the idea of making bricks, after farm work was done. In due time a man was found who could boss the brickyard, and then, by continued evolution, aristocratic brick houses succeeded log cabins, which were turned into stables. One of the neighbors lived some distance from the brickyard, and how to get the brick to the chosen location was a puzzle, as it would not do to use the lumber wagon, which was the only "go-to-meeting" conveyance in the country. So enterprising home-made mechanics evolved wheels from a tree three feet in diameter, sawing them off to make them two feet wide and working holes through them for an axle made of a small hickory tree. Thus a wagon grew from a mental evolution of all of its parts subjected to the same tools that

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furnished the log cabin. A look at this wagon, with 1,000 bricks on it, greased with home-made soft soap, and drawn by three yoke of steers, was another moving picture that would capture any cosmopolitan assembly, if it could be reproduced in Burton Holmes' lectures.

A stone quarry near by furnished stone for foundations, caps, and sills, which last were cut by farmers' boys and hauled on this improvised wagon from the quarry to the house.

Those three houses, built in 1844, are still standing as monuments to the early settlers' skill and grit in overcoming difficulties that would seem insurmountable to even a Yankee stranded on a wild prairie.

But what about farm work and farm products to support such luxurious homes and churches? Imagine a prairie plow drawn by four yoke of oxen, attended by two men, getting two acres a day ready for a crop of sod corn, that would produce ten to thirty bushels to the acre, and when the crop was ready for use, making it the cheapest fuel you could get, both for your fireplace and for your stomach.

It is not hard work to imagine also that diamonds, silks, satins, and broadcloths would never be even dreamed of as any part of the luxuries of that day. Calico dresses and sheep's gray clothing were the luxuries most appreciated. And yet there were royal society

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functions in those days, when the young men could take their sweethearts to social gatherings on horseback—the girls riding behind and being compelled to make of their lovers an anchor for safety, by hanging on with arms of strength if not of affection. The young man who could steal a march on all his comrades by engaging the only sidesaddle in town for his fair companion's use was not envied as much as he might have been, as the one-horse vehicle afforded much the better chance for a lively conversation, just as private as a wide prairie could make it.

When the old people were in search of social enjoyment the "prairie schooner," with sails all furled and laid away, was seated with boards across the box, and as many families as could be mustered on the same road to make a full cargo were gathered up on the way to the rendezvous, and no charge was made by the captain of the "schooner." It was a free pass, and there was no law against it, either. Another thing: there was more real pleasure extracted from an evening's entertainment at a farmer's home than in the millionaire show-downs of our great cities of to-day.

There was no gossip or scandal to peddle out in small or large doses. The main business was to muster all sorts of efforts to make the pastor's allowance meet his wants, and if anybody else was short of the necessities of life it would not be many days before

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they were long on these same things, and not a thing was bought or sold on the market to meet the case. It was a board of trade for mutual profit and protection from wants of all kinds, and not for skinning the fellows with a deficient upper story.

Imagine, if you can, a New York or Chicago board of trade or stock exchange engaged in selling options on home-making under such conditions, or taking any chances themselves in making them. Yet, but for this foundation, laid by men and women who did take the hardships and chances in the evolution of the grandest empire per square mile on the face of the earth, there would have been no grain or stock to buy and sell and no options either. Hence it is in order for Illinois of 1901 to doff hats to 1838 and thank God that somebody had the courage to fight Indians, as well as the hardships of frontier life, in order that Chicago and the imperial Northwestern states of to-day might be ours to enjoy.

Industrial combinations and labor unions in Illinois began not alone with the rolling of logs into a house by men of a community without cost to the owner, except a good dinner. One family of boys started a basket factory with the primitive tools of the settlers and a few young white oak trees, to supply the farmers' demand for implements for handling corn, which was the main product of the farm. Those boys had learned the trade in

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New York State in helping an old man in his work, and now, out on the frontier, what they sowed in kindness they reaped in stock in trade, representing an income very much appreciated by the family, while the baskets were a benefaction to farmers in handling crops, thus making the factory very popular.

Imagine white oak saplings, through the necromancy of brains, muscle, and a little early training, turned into transportation facilities that made an income for the boys and a joy forever to the farmer, who needed just such an addition to his implements for the production and disposition of his crops.

This was the *modus operandi*: A sapling was cut and split into lengths for ribs and splints and formed into regulation shape and lengths. These were then riven into thicknesses suitable for weaving the baskets of the sizes desired, and soon an assortment of all sizes was ready for market. There was never a strike in that basket factory, and the division of proceeds was on the most liberal scale. The whole family shared in them, except the proceeds of one basket — full size — which the junior member of the firm took to town on a trading excursion to obtain a jack-knife for his individual use. The basket was cheap at \$1.50, and the merchant demanded it for the knife, which probably cost him not over fifteen cents. Here is where capital in that early day took advantage of labor, and

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yet there was no strike and no mob as a result. The boy pocketed the knife, instead of revenge, and went home to whittle out the loss into a great gain in an improved instrument for doing the fine work in basket making.

Very few industrial institutions ever made such a big showing out of raw material, or made better profits on the capital invested. It was labor only which ruled the day, without any eight-hour law to regulate it. Labor got the whole of the proceeds and not a protest from capital was ever heard. Strange how human nature has changed in sixty years! The law of heredity seems to have utterly lost its power of transmitting the characters of those early settlers to the present generation. Now strikes are ubiquitous, and yet capital has increased from nothing to be the bone and sinew of an empire of labor, and each stands pat for its own rights alone when the strikes are over and the machinery, as well as the money, moves on harmoniously for mutual music as well as profit. When will men learn that capital is the complement of labor, full as much as labor is the complement of capital? The recognition of their interdependence is the only road to independence for each. War between them always has been and always will be temporary ruin for both.

No tariff was needed in those early days to protect home industries, but it was absolutely

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necessary, occasionally, to import from Chicago a few luxuries, like tea, coffee, sugar, and calico, which home industries could not produce, and to sell enough farm products to provide the purchase money. The first export was several sleigh loads of dressed pork, in a bitter cold winter, the drivers of the sleighs going together, for mutual protection. The reader will imagine himself one of the drivers, in the middle of a prairie, twenty miles across, and his ears assailed by the clamor of a howling, hungry pack of wolves, which have surrounded the caravan, having scented fresh meat as a most desirable repast.

If they had been the big, gray wolves there might have been a tragedy. As it was, the hair of a lot of farmers' boys stood on end, and several hearts beat to the tune of 106 degrees of inside temperature, though the weather outside was many degrees below zero. The animals were only the cowardly prairie wolves, which would howl lustily but would only attack mice, rabbits, and chickens. The boys, however, at that time, were not posted in the cowardice of the prairie wolves. There was a hotel and a good fire, more hospitable than the grove, where the wolf-beleaguered party arrived, on the further edge of that twenty-mile prairie.

After three more days of good sleighing, the pork was sold at \$1.50 a hundred pounds, \$30 for a ton. That price would hardly

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satisfy Armour & Co. after its agent had spent a week with a team to find a market. But \$30 was a big sum in those days, and with tea a dollar a pound, coffee fifty cents, sugar twenty-five cents, and calico twenty-five cents a yard, the whole proceeds of the sale in purchases could be put into the smallest basket produced by the home factory. Such was life in those early days. But the home reception was, nevertheless, princely; for the mothers were there to make and dispense the tea, which, costing so much, was fit for a king.

MARKETING

This picture would not be complete without a look at a summer trip to market to sell wheat and get trimmings and finishing lumber for a brick cottage, mentioned on a previous page. There were no bridges in those days, and the numberless sloughs were more troublesome than live streams. To cope with these it was necessary to land one load of wheat on the Chicago side of the slough. To go over the same road now no one would believe this history, as there are no sloughs. The plowing of the prairies absorbs all the rain, which then ran off into the low places, making lakes in some and sloughs in all narrow runways for the water.

On arriving in Chicago the wheat was sold for forty-five cents a bushel, or \$18 for the load, with six good hard days to make it.

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The wheat was hoisted into the second story of a store at the corner of State and South Water streets, with a rope elevator, and carried back forty feet to a bin prepared to receive it. The merchant who bought the wheat pulled at the rope with the farmer boys who sold it. Armour's elevator is somewhat more effective, handling a few more bushels a day. Railroads, with sixty cars in a train and carrying 80,000 bushels from Rock River in five hours, now afford a transformed method of transportation.

Every improvement on the farm, resulting from "labor," was quite practicable, but anything that required "money" was out of the question. Forty-five cents per bushel for surplus wheat would hardly keep up taxes and buy the actual necessities of life that could not be produced on the farm. My recollection is that the first brick house in Ogle County was the product of home manufacture, from the brick to the wagon that transported them. We were quite proud of this outgrowth of an enforced tariff. We had no visions of "free" trade in those days, for we had no cash to meet balances of trade, and so had to work out our own salvation from every want that stared us in the face. Of course we made the wants as few as possible, so that supply and demand should square themselves exactly to the labor question, and thus we extracted a good deal of solid comfort, even out of our discomforts, as

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one addition after another was made to the fourteen-foot square log cabin, full of unshelled beans and mice, that first greeted our visions of a new home on the prairies of Illinois.

One of the hardships of the pioneer settlers was the fact that "Squatter Sovereignty" had lain down on all the best locations with a view of selling these squatter claims to "real settlers," so that nearly all of the old pioneers, to get choice locations, were compelled to buy of this "roaming" frontier element their squatter claims. The homestead law followed, which left those claims (beyond one hundred and sixty acres) open to any one who could build a shanty and move into it. So one bright morning "Moses" and "Nebuchadnezzar" and their worthy coadjutors in the line of transportation were seen hitched to a "lean to" addition to the new log mansion, and away it went to locate on one hundred and sixty acres that the log mansion did not cover, making two homestead pre-emptions instead of one.

Illinois was the pioneer state of the great Northwest in transforming into farms wild prairie lands, covered with grass and flowers. As the prairies were boundless, this was not the work of a year, but of many years. If these fertile plains had been covered with forests instead of grass and flowers—like Ohio and other states in the East—this transformation would have required a century of time and an expenditure of labor and capital suf-

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ficient to span the continent with a first-class, thoroughly equipped railroad.

But the farmers had to wait many years before these farms meant anything to them more than a home, and the very hardest kind of work was the only insurance against absolute want—not because they did not raise good crops of all kinds, but because it cost as much to market in Chicago all that could not be eaten at home as it brought, if the labors of team and driver were counted for anything.

Let us picture, if we can, the amount of labor necessary to produce forty bushels of wheat, or one wagon load, and market it:

Plowing two acres, man and team one day	\$ 2.00
Seed, sowing, and harrowing	1.00
Harvesting, two men, one day	2.00
Threshing, horses and men, by treading it out on the ground and winnowing it in the wind	4.00
Team and man, six days, to market in Chi- cago	12.00
Feed for man and team, six days	3.00
Total cost	\$24.00
Sold in Chicago for	18.00

The men who did the plowing and harvesting with the implements of that day were exhausted at the end of a day's work by holding a plow and walking behind it or swinging a cradle to cut the grain. Now the plow holds itself and gives the man a spring seat to ride on, and the wheat is sown and cut with machinery on which one man rides and drives a team, and sows fifteen or twenty acres. When

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the grain is ripe one man with team and a reaper cuts and binds fifteen acres in a day. At night the man goes home ready for a dance or anything else that requires energy.

Accidents will happen in the use of the commonest utensils, as well as of complicated machinery. I remember an ambitious farmer's boy who imagined he could use a cradle. In his first swing of that harvesting machine he slashed a three-inch cut in the calf of his leg. This kind of harvest required a surgeon, and his older brother hurried to the house for thread and needle, and sewed up the cut in the same fashion that he sewed on the buckskin cover of a baseball—without any anæsthetics, either.

The only possible way to harvest crops with cradle and rake was by means of an excellent labor union among farmers and their boys to gather the fields that were first ripe. Such an aggregation of labor, thus employed, made the work comparatively easy, as there were wide-awake ones that were weeks ahead of their neighbors in plowing and sowing; then others graded down to the "slow coach," always behind his fellows. So a little army of laborers, going from one farm to another, as the crops were ripe, made it one of the most successful labor unions I ever saw. There was no walking delegate, to be sure, warning all hands to quit because some one was at work who did not belong to the union.

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The only ones that had any right to complain were the farmers' wives, who had to feed this little army; but even here instalments in the cooking line from the neighbors' reserve forces were always ready to help feed their own families at another man's table, as it would soon be their turn to be the principal providers for that army when their wheat was ready for harvest.

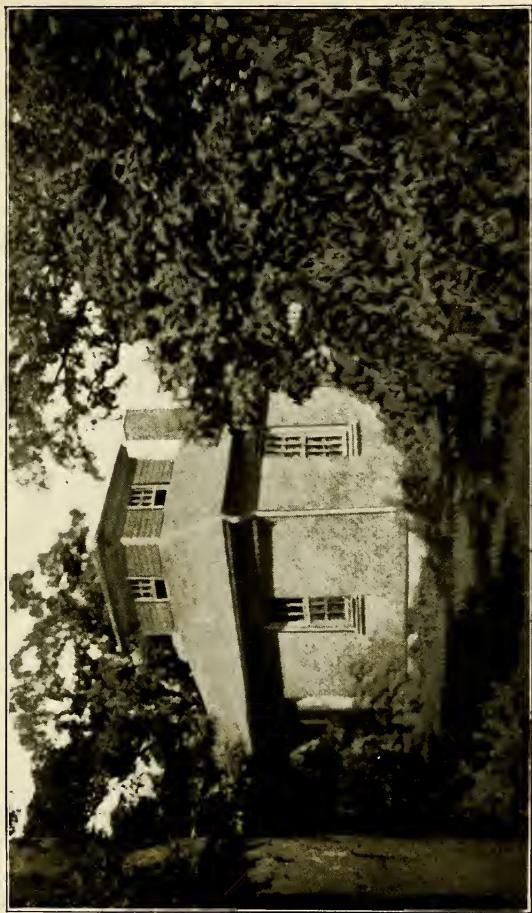
The McCormicks and Deerings were the natural products of these western prairies. They saw that it was impossible to harvest by hand these vast regions of grain, and so they set their brains to work to produce reapers to do the business. They are the benefactors of not only the farmer but everybody who consumes farm products—giving one an easy time in raising endless quantities of wheat, and the other a much cheaper price for his daily bread. We see much in print nowadays from theoretical laborers as to how machinery has thrown the laboring man out of work, but we scarcely ever hear about the cost of his clothing and daily bread being reduced one-half or more by that agency. The reaper has now surrounded the globe with its cheap food music and enabled the husbandman to educate and clothe his family like a prince, while the man who, in the long ago, had no reaper and had to sell wheat for less than labor cost, had to get his children educated with as many difficulties as he encountered in farming.

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PIONEER EDUCATION AND RELIGION

One farmer's boy worked in a brickyard to earn brick enough to build a one-story house sixteen feet square in which to board himself and obtain a seminary education, after having been graduated in the common school near home. That seminary—the first one in the northern part of Illinois—gave to the state one governor, several congressmen, one senator, a general in the army under Lincoln and Grant, and many clergymen to introduce the glorified Nazarene to the minds and hearts of men. The University of Chicago has no students who build their own houses and cook their own food to get an education, and yet if its classes shall turn out more governors, senators and gospel ministers in proportion to the number of students, that will give it a better advertisement than its millions of endowment and great array of professors, that in a few years have made it one of the foremost universities of the world.

Our first church service was in our doctor's cabin. The furniture was two double beds and some wood benches, and the organ was a live one—the doctor's wife. The minister was Luke Hitchcock, who drove twenty-one miles, and preached fifteen minutes, with a class meeting to follow. The audience was unique, more children than adults, but the



THE FARM-HOUSE AT DAYSVILLE, NEAR OREGON

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music filled the room with a symphony of real worship that no hired choir can begin to equal, for it was a heart, as well as a vocal orchestra, when "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," was sung as only my mother could sing it, and reminded me of that voiceless music of the fog turned into a crown of silver and gold clouds to crown the mountains, on my way to market in New York State. Old Sol and the Son of Righteousness often speak out the same musical poetry for ears that are open to hear.

Often without a minister, the people would gather at some convenient center and be led by some one of their own number. On one such occasion a very religious man, of little education, read the story of the Saviour's entry into Jerusalem on "a colt, the foal of an ass," before which procession the people spread branches of palm trees. In explanation of this Scripture he exclaimed with marked vehemence, "But they could not stop that colt." While his audience were not edified by his comments on Scripture, his honest zeal made up for his want of exegetical power. Therefore, judge not from outward appearances or expressions the inward evolution of the heart and mind which would make the Master within invincible to human nature obstacles.

The next year, 1840, there was a camp-meeting in the grove near a fine spring, clear as crystal, coming up from the ground, as if to remind thirsty ones of the Master's living

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water, springing up within them in answer to their request, like the woman's at Jacob's well, "Give me of this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw." A large number drank of that living water, among whom were the Farwell boys, two of whom have gone where they "thirst no more." My own father led me to the altar the next day after I had heard my sainted mother praying for me before retiring for the night. They had learned their part of the sixth of Ephesians, "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Blessed be their memory.

Another meeting that had important results was held near Mount Morris, at the time the corner stone of the seminary was laid. A bishop and many ministers of high rank were present to celebrate that event. There was another interesting person present — an Indian minister, of very fine appearance, who could sing to perfection, making the forest ring with his music.

Robert Hitt, then a very small boy, who was afterwards chairman of the important committee on foreign relations in the national house of representatives, was one of the early students, his father being a prominent minister and an able supporter of the seminary. An older brother, John Hitt, for over a quarter of a century was the deputy United States collector of customs in Chicago.



MOUNT MORRIS SEMINARY

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MOUNT MORRIS

Chicago then being the only commercial city in this great state, and Mount Morris seminary being the largest and best school in the state under Methodist control, it was quite natural that Chicago should furnish a large quota of students. It was also to be expected that farmer boys, though boarding themselves, should make the acquaintance of those young Chicagoans and should observe the difference in their financial condition.

It may be true that those rough farmer boys were not, at first, very popular with the Chicago aristocrats at the school, who could plank down the cash for their expenses and take the best rooms in the seminary building; but time and hard work in their studies soon compelled a respect that is always given to true merit. Results thus accomplished soon drew marks of scholarship which money could not buy. This gave them a good preparation to cope with the city boys as competitors in the practical application of hard work, and a competent education in the various occupations of the city, to which many of the youths found their way after graduation from that school.

They did not arrive on a railroad train, but usually on a load of wheat, as extra baggage, and by way of paying fare they took care of the horses on the way. Arriving in the city, they could not stop at hotels, for the want of funds,

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so the farmers' wives were drawn on for commissary supplies, and the granary for horse feed. Thus equipped, with a covered wagon to sleep in, they traveled in a way that the present times cannot appreciate or comprehend.

In Chicago all the farmer had to do was to sell his wheat and go home. Not so with the young men who had left home and mother to make their way in this world, with not a cent in their pockets. True, their home training was a splendid preparation for meeting such conditions, but, all the same, the thoughts that forced themselves upon those young men were by no means inspiring, except that they bred a wholesome feeling of self-dependence and responsibility, as well as dependence upon the capital of character and purpose, rather than on dollars and cents. Such capital never fails of recognition and never fails to accumulate the other in due time, if honestly employed in an honest business—which also adds to character when thus joined.

The problem was to find an opportunity to invest the capital of labor and ability for capital in cash, which was much more scarce than labor, and yet needed such a partnership, as it always does, and always will. In due time one of those boys concluded such a partnership at eight dollars a month and his board, with the promise of more if he earned it at the end of the year. Working from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. and sleeping in the store as watchman, were

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the conditions of the partnership. It was the second largest retail dry goods and grocery store in town, selling about \$25,000 worth of goods a year. The work was selling goods and keeping books.

It did not take a seminary graduate long to learn the ins and outs of this trade in a town of about ten thousand people, and when the year was up and no addition to the monthly salary was allowed, that labor partner in trade shook the dust of that store from his feet as he bade good morning to the capital partner. Within an hour he quadrupled the eight dollars a month salary, at another store.

Opening up a farm on a prairie is a very different affair from clearing off dense timber land for the plow. Four yoke of three-year-old steers and one of old oxen in front of a breaking plow that turned over two-feet furrows of prairie turf, soon gave us a large field of sod corn. The second year the horses that moved us from New York prepared the ground for all sorts of crops, from potatoes to wheat.

The wheat was threshed by these same horses, used as a treadmill, and winnowed out in the wind, of which we had a plentiful supply for nothing. The first wagon load of produce for sale was made up of water melons, and was taken to Dixon, twelve miles away. They were fine, but did not bring present Chicago prices.

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About this time I was impressed to try the power of prayer for an urgent personal need, which was answered at once and for all time. Then an event of unusual importance occurred. It was no less than an application by the United States Surveyor to make our log mansion his headquarters, while for twenty miles in all directions the land was being sectionized. My oldest brother was made a chainman, and the next, who had learned surveying, was made one of the surveyor's helpers on the field, and in drawing maps in the office. We needed their wages then more than we ever did subsequently. When the headquarters were moved some thirty miles away, mother was taken sick and expected to die, and the boy surveyor was sent for in great haste. Meantime I had made a shelter of a big haystack at night, and the shade of a large forest tree by day, my places of prayer for her recovery, and soon after seeing the returned boy, as her expected last family act, she began to recover rapidly, instead of making our home desolate by her absence. Again prayer was answered for my mother, as well as for myself the previous year.

In due time the land sales occurred at Dixon, after we had made pre-emptions on our farm land. Many others did not take this precaution and speculators came to bid on their lands. The settlers held a meeting and voted that the first speculator who should

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bid on a farmer's home should have a prolonged cold bath in Rock River, which was conveniently near for such purpose. The speculators altered their minds and every one of the farmers entered his own land without any opposition.

The school house, as in earlier days, brought me into companionship with a girl near my own age, who captured me at first sight. It would be a long story to tell how I walked a mile to borrow a sidesaddle to take her to a party of young people, and all that followed, up to the time we were married by the principal of Rock River Seminary, where we both were students, and how I surprised him after the ceremony by introducing him to "a dutchess." When a small boy I talked so crooked that I was named "Dutch," and kept the name till after I was married, so of course she was a "dutchess," and I introduced her to the parson who married us as a "dutchess." I had built a comfortable home, when my salary was \$600 a year, and after becoming a partner in the house for which I was at work we were married and moved into that palace which was desolated by her death two years after.

Before leaving school I determined to learn bookkeeping and the principal said, "Get two more boys and I will teach the class." I soon had them enlisted, and became an expert bookkeeper, in theory, which I reduced to

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practice in Chicago, and when a wholesale firm wanted a bookkeeper I was selected, because I had had to settle a fire loss for a retail house, when I was bookkeeper with the main proprietor of the wholesale firm, by which I demonstrated my ability for the place and got it.

The religious privileges at the seminary were remarkably good, and the wide undulating prairie always made an appropriate place for secret prayer, with only the stars as lookers-on, far more awe and prayer-inspiring than any closet. All the teachers were earnest Christians, which simplified the work of living Christian lives, as the school-room, as well as the church, gave an uplift to holy inclinations, and put a brake on impiety. Still there was the bent to mischief, when our professor in teaching mathematics sent his wife to take his place, whenever a hard lesson had to be taught. The boys were not long in ascertaining the reason, so whenever such a lesson had to be taught by him they were not backward in coming forward with the hardest questions they could devise to develop his want of capacity. His wife was a very homely woman until we found out that she had the mind of a philosopher, and then she was beautiful enough to command our worship.

LEAVING HOME

One of the hardest jobs I ever tackled was to leave the scenes of our new-made home,

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in 1845, to carve my own future in the cold world, with no loving father and mother as the companions of my later, as of my early toils. My father gave me three dollars—all the money he had. My mother gave me a Bible, with this most effective commentary: “Study and obey the teachings of this book, choose your companions from those who love it, and you must succeed. You will be known by the company you keep.”

A load of wheat was my transportation car to that “one horse and wooden town” that we had passed through in 1838. What a miracle that seven years should so change me and the city I was to make my home. My first job came quick, as a clerk in the City Clerk’s office, where I made millions on paper, with my bookkeeping, and quite a little sum in real cash, in reporting the Council proceedings for a weekly paper, as well as my weekly salary, which was my introduction into a mercantile establishment. It was in this way: It so happened that a Council meeting that was more like an Irish wake than a deliberate body, was reported facsimile, and the next day I got my walking papers on demand of an Irish alderman. My wages in the new situation were eight dollars and my board, and I had reporting fees, also, which never kept back any part of the truth, ludicrous or sober, as I was now a free lance. My wages in the store were to be more if

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I earned them. Having kept the books, sold more goods than any other man in the house, as well as sleeping in the store after working till nine o'clock, and opening it in the morning, I asked the bargain boss at the end of the year how much more he thought I had earned, and found his opinion was against any bonus. I said, "Good morning, sir," and found another position in less than half an hour, at three times his generous bargain and fulfilment.

Early Chicago

AT one time the business men of Chicago concluded to take a hand in the game of politics, and fight for some one for treasurer who had not practically nominated himself. A meeting was called in Farwell hall for that purpose, and George Armour was nominated for chairman. As he was about to take the chair the political boss of the day, with a delegation of rowdies, who had come in early and taken front seats, began a row that was akin to the Haymarket riot. The police were sent for, but failed to appear. Finally, C. M. Henderson elevated J. V. Farwell on the reporter's table and requested him to start the meeting. The boss and his disorderly crowd sat directly in front to hear a business man's first political speech.

It began with the statement that "the men of Chicago who have made it what it is were supposed to have some rights that political bosses ought to respect, until this meeting demonstrated that they have not. The chief of police, who promised to send twenty policemen to quiet this riot, has not kept his promise because some of his men are now in this meeting aiding and abetting this riot to prevent business men from having anything to say

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about politics, and I wish now to declare that such action and non-action of our police in connection with this boss in this meeting is the prophecy of the defeat of that political boss who inaugurated it. In conclusion, I give notice that this meeting is adjourned to the polling booths on election day, and I give you five minutes to clear this hall of your presence. I know where the gas is turned off, and any one in this hall after five minutes will leave it in the dark."

Not another word was spoken from the platform, the hall was emptied in the five minutes, and the boss who inaugurated the riot to squelch business men, went to his defeat at the polls.

Years ago, on the northeast corner of the present court-house square, stood the court-house, a two story brick affair, about 30 by 60 feet, with steps in front on Clark Street, from side to side, leading to the main floor or court-room. Here the officials of the city and county enacted laws and dispensed justice or injustice for this incipient city, with no thought of the present buildings, covering the whole block. The jail was on the northwest corner of the same block and consisted of wooden buildings surrounded with wooden spiles, one foot in diameter, about twenty-five feet high, driven into the ground, and with sharp iron spikes driven into the top to instruct prisoners that society inside was, by reason of such sur-

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roundings, all they could expect to cultivate until they had consumed the prescribed amount of bread and water.

The Chicago waterworks consisted of two-wheeled carts, each surmounted with a large hogshead containing four or five barrels of water. These were backed into the lake and filled with a long-handled pail. Then they were driven to the abodes of customers and the water was drawn out through a leather hose and sold for so much a pailful. Later on it was proposed to use a steam pump connected with a flouring mill on the lake shore at the foot of Lake Street to pump lake water through wooden pipes into a reservoir in the alley between Monroe and Madison streets, 90 by 100 feet, with an office on the Madison Street front, 35 by 60 feet. But the city grew so fast that this plan was abandoned. Now this same lot is the home of the Young Men's Christian Association, by the evolution of human events and ambitions, from which another kind of water is distributed, which was first dispensed by the "lowly Nazarene" at the mouth of Jacob's well. Thus, man proposes but God disposes of human projects and ambitions for the best interests of men.

This was the first of the buildings erected for the Young Men's Christian Association, representing Christian union, and to-day they girdle the earth and are the best visible tokens of the real unity of Christ's followers. Hence

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the fact that a friend of this association acquired and donated this intended location for a water reservoir to the Young Men's Christian Association, after it was abandoned for that purpose, marks this act of fifty years in the past as a corner-stone of one of Chicago's best public institutions. It is for the building up of character in young men, and might not have existed but for the fact that the original waterworks donation was too small for early Chicago's water supply, though large enough for a building destined to be an inspiration for a world-wide distribution of the basal truth of Christ's kingdom on earth—union and communion of all His subjects with Himself and each other.

As citizens of Chicago to-day look at this best building of its kind in the world they can in imagination call to mind those two-wheeled water carts as the ancestors of a reservoir lot, which was in turn, by Chicago's rapid strides, crowded out of existence as such and transformed into a reservoir of spiritual power, which may and should grow in usefulness as the city grows in size.

The waterworks of to-day, with miles of conduits six feet in diameter, eighty feet under the surface and four miles out into the lake, and mammoth steam pumps to supply 2,000,000 people with water, make Chicago the most favored city in the world in the direction of water supply and water facilities.

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There were no sewers in early Chicago, but soon it was found to be absolutely necessary to have them. The lake and the river were the receptacles for the city's waste material. They made the river black as a coal and with an odor in warm weather that was a reminder of the "black hole of Calcutta." Now the drainage canal—destined to be a ship canal—makes the river a good fishing ground, the lake pouring its wealth of pure water into it at the rate of three miles an hour.

Roman roads made the world one, as it never had been before, but they were not constructed on plans devised by the city fathers of Chicago. The city was a marsh in wet weather. "No bottom here!" was a sign frequently displayed to warn unwary country teamsters not to bury themselves without a coroner's jury to determine the cause of the untimely burial. It was not uncommon for empty wagons to be stalled in Lake Street with several yoke of oxen as bad off as the wagons.

The first Chicago road to overcome too much dampness was Randolph Street, as a sort of center of the city. The street was dug down, about three feet below the natural surface, and then planked over, so that all rain-water ran off the lots into this mammoth open reservoir and thus into the river and lake. In driving a loaded wagon over the planks a shower bath of muddy water went up through the cracks and came down

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on the horses, the driver, and the contents of the wagon.

The possibility of an elevated instead of a dug-out road, with asphalt instead of plank covering, was not in the alphabet of makers of public highways in those times. Such plans did not get a hearing with public men until the great fire of 1871 made debris enough to raise the streets, and also to make forty acres of new land on the lake front. When these roads became inadequate for the traffic, horse railroads came to the front, and now electric lines are supplemented with elevated railroads, and still Chicago streets are congested and subways are inevitable in the future.

Let present-day citizens go back in imagination to early times in Chicago, and see ox and horse teams stuck in Lake Street mud, and remember that many men are still living who saw such sights as common occurrences of everyday life whenever a little extra moisture was mixed with Chicago's native soil, and then let them bless their stars for present-day public works.

The only public hall was on the southeast corner of Lake and Clark streets, in the third story, and was large enough for most gatherings, but when Douglas and Lincoln had a hearing in Chicago all outdoors was needed, and the balcony of a hotel was their platform. When Lincoln was nominated for President, Chicago, with commendable enterprise, built

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“the Wigwam,” on the southeast corner of Lake and Market streets, to accommodate several thousand people, for that special purpose. This site is now the home of one of the oldest and largest grocery houses in the city.

It was fitting that Lincoln, who fought Indians on the prairies of Illinois when Chicago was an Indian trading post, should be chosen President in a wigwam built by his friends in this city, instead of Seward, who little knew how soon this late Indian territory would give us a president and general who would remake our country into a world power, arbiter of peace and prosperity for all nations. Lincoln and Grant may be classed with Chicago’s “public works,” for the good of our country as well as of the world—not made of brick and mortar, but in a mold second only to that of the gods.

“Long John” Wentworth stood head and shoulders above most of his contemporaries, not only in stature but as a conspicuous character, as editor of the *Democrat* and as a political aspirant; the one occupation paving the way to the other and making him at one time mayor, and then a member of Congress.

Charles B. Farwell, as head of the so-called “court-house clique”—which gave the county and the city better governments than they have ever had since then—was potent in city and county politics, and as the city grew in importance, state and national politicians nat-

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urally sought his influence. Norman B. Judd and he, together, gave "Long John" many a taste of their mettle. Both ultimately went to Congress, in spite of his opposition, and C. B. Farwell, as an opposing candidate, which would indicate at that time the relative standing of each. Afterward Mr. Farwell went to the Senate.

From a farmer boy having nothing to start with but a good, practical education and New England training and grit, he went through all the stages of politics except the presidency, and some of his friends talked of him as a presidential candidate. He added business to politics in 1865. Now, in his 80th year, he is the last of Chicago's notable politicians living, and one of the few business men remaining who saw Randolph Street made into a mammoth sewer and a roadbed at the same time. Norman B. Judd, who nominated Lincoln for President in the wigwam, and was later appointed minister to the German empire, was one of his trusted political friends.

Augustus Garrett, whose wife endowed Garrett Biblical Institute, was mayor of Chicago, a very able man, full of humor, and, while not a Methodist, honored his wife by escorting her to the First Methodist Episcopal church and giving liberally to its support. His office was headquarters for real-estate dealers, as well as gentlemen of leisure. As an instance of his humor, a well-known young man, of

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fastidious taste and manners, came into his office and related his experience at a show, where a man had broken eggs into a stranger's hat. Presto! change, when a mysterious flock of wand-birds flew out of the hat and left it as clean as when the owner had handed it up for the purpose. "Well," said Mayor Garrett, "I'll bet you five dollars that I can do that myself, if you will go and get a half-dozen eggs."

The bet was taken and the eggs were produced in due time, when Mayor Garrett took the faultless stovepipe hat from the young man's head and at once broke the eggs into it. Taking a ruler from his desk he stirred them up well and then waved the mystic wand over the hat, calling the birds into active exposition. When they did not appear, as in the show, he remarked, with an expletive, "I thought I could, but I find I cannot. Here is the money to buy you a new hat, for I see this one is unfit to wear just now."

Dr. Maxwell was a burly figure of 300 pounds avoirdupois and of the allopathic fraternity. When the homeopathy cult came out with their highly diluted medicines, this old-school practitioner declared that he could diagnose their method of preparing medicine and giving it. Said he: "You take an ounce vial of arnica or any other medicine of the sixtieth dilution and go to the end of the Chicago pier. Pour it out slowly into the lake.

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Then walk very leisurely to Twelfth Street and take a pint of water from the lake. Give two drops of it every three weeks and you have a fair description of the new cult's methods." But allopaths give much less medicine than formerly.

Dr. Egan was an allopathic contemporary, and gave Chicago citizens the first example of a beautiful suburban home, with the most elaborate ornamental grounds, near what is now Hyde Park — quite a new thing for our "mud city."

The spectacular figure of the medical fraternity was Dr. Pitney, who regularly paraded the principal streets on an elegantly caparisoned horse, usually in a slow walk or a furious canter. My first serious indisposition was when Fremont was candidate for President. The election was three days off, and I wanted to vote that ticket as my first one for President. My wife saw this doctor riding by and proposed to call him in, to which I assented. I said to him: "If you will get me out to vote I will seriously consider a change of physicians." He agreed to it and I voted for Fremont, and the herb doctor of my youthful days was discharged.

Dr. N. S. Davis was then and always has been a conspicuous character. He never has had any use for horses, his own powers of locomotion being equal to a large practice. He has always been a champion of the temper-

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ance cause from scientific and practical reasons. His sometimes keen run to see a patient was a fair sample of his enthusiasm in all good works, as in his own practice. How much temperance in all things has had to do in the make-up of his splendid physique and his octogenarian spinning out of the brittle thread of life may well be the study of young men.

In business circles, Charles Walker, H. O. Stone, and John P. Chapin were conspicuous in the grain and warehouse business; George Smith as the principal banker, J. H. Dunham as the main man in the wholesale grocery business, and E. S. Wadsworth, Thomas Dyer, and Washington Smith in the wholesale dry goods business, which then included hats and caps, boots and shoes, in Wadsworth's house. The principal retailer was T. B. Carter, who dealt in drygoods. These men laid the foundation of the present mammoth business houses and are remembered by many citizens now living.

Hotels were seven by nine affairs until Ira Couch built the Tremont House, and then many a conservative citizen prophesied that it would ruin him. It did look huge for a city that had very few paved streets, but, though the prophecy seemed well conceived, the hotel had no competitor in kind, and it was not long before every one saw that Ira Couch had a better mental revelation of Chicago's needs in that line than any of his contemporaries. He was honored accordingly when facts proved his wisdom.

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As always, lawyers were more numerous than clients, but among them were bright minds that saw the future and chose Chicago as headquarters in the Northwest. Among them were J. Y. Scammon, N. B. Judd, E. C. Larned, Hugh T. Dickey, Mark Skinner, and George Manierre, and the last three soon were made judges, to hear such men as J. Y. Scammon, Lisle Smith, Judge Goodrich, and a host of others, argue cases before them. Occasionally Abraham Lincoln, of Springfield, had a call to aid in important cases.

Paper money first appeared in the dark ages, as a certificate of deposit for silver coin, to prevent their being clipped. A Scotch financier, named George Smith, whose bank was in Milwaukee, improved on this plan by issuing certificates of deposit, payable on demand, with no deposit of coin behind them. Thus he gave Chicago and the Northwest a good medium of exchange, for the certificates were always redeemed in coin when presented.

Wealth, thus nurtured, grew apace, and politicians, as usual, attempted to give a chance to envious aspirants for financial success to compete with the only sound banker we had in those days. So they passed a law allowing anyone who could buy \$100,000 in Southern state bonds to issue bank bills on them and foist them on the public as money. Most of these banks were located where it required bloodhounds to find them, and when found

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there was no coin to redeem their bills. By some legerdemain, unknown to the uninitiated, the first \$100,000 of bill bought another \$100,000 in Southern state bonds, and so on, until the shrewdest financier in that line had out \$1,000,000 or more of bills, and had nothing with which to redeem them.

One Chicago lawyer turned financier, and to do it honestly, issued his bills in Chicago. He meant to be honest, he was honest, and, being well known, his bills were well received, and no one asked for coin on them. One sad day for him he gathered up all of George Smith's bills that were deposited with him and paid Smith a business, not a social, visit, with a carpetbag full of them, and demanded coin then and there, though the bills were issued and were payable in Milwaukee. Smith invited the caller inside, not to take a drink, but to show him ninety per cent of his own bills, circulating only within the diameter of Smith's money vault. That vision entirely cured a rabid appetite for coin. It was not long before he relapsed into law and religion, with no overmastering ambition to furnish Chicago and the Northwest with currency.

Not so with other state bankers whose offices were now established. Their circulation grew apace until George Smith was compelled to go to Georgia to issue his currency, in order to beat them at their own game of hide-and-seek locations. As the country had

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grown so rapidly, there was, for a time, room for it all, until finally our state currency increased until it would not buy a dinner across the state line. It then dawned upon the business men that all they had was Southern state bonds, cut up into one dollar and ten dollar promises to pay coin, and not a dollar of coin to do it with. Then the great business panic of 1857-58 threatened the city and state with bankruptcy. Exchange on New York for Chicago was 10 to 25 premium with a demand for it twenty times greater than the supply.

The capitalist of the largest mercantile house in Chicago said to his manager: "There is only one way out and that is to make an assignment and then work out of this currency earthquake the best way we can." Upon further consultation it was decided that with a constantly falling currency every one would wish to pay debts with it, so that collections could easily be made. Another controlling fact was that the country was full of wheat. These two factors furnished material for a programme to pay at maturity instead of making an assignment. Wheat was taken at five cents a bushel more than cash buyers could give in the country, and every one was urged to send either wheat or money. The money was put into wheat as soon as received and became legal tender in New York for all debtors who tendered it through the markets — and they were not a few. It was not

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a case of buying options on 'change, in those early days, but only the real thing was bought. Those merchants who pursued this plan paid their debts at maturity and after that time were put down on the mercantile agency reports, "as good as wheat."

After this chaos would be a good name for currency conditions until the inception of the Civil War gave us greenbacks and United States bank notes, based on war bonds, instead of Southern state bonds. The uncertainty as to the length and result of the war—bankers are always very conservative—reduced their value, as compared with gold, to thirty-three cents on the dollar at one time, but the country kept on raising corn and wheat, which was legal tender everywhere in the markets of the world, and at last, as in ante war times, they saved the Union. Then the currency had a history like that of the Illinois state currency, with the board of trade and a wheat market for our only clearing house of debts, big and little—with this difference, that the currency stayed by us instead of vanishing, and increased in value constantly until it was as good as gold.

The Board of Trade in early times was on the river at the corner of South Water and La Salle streets, quite in contrast with its present building and location.

George Smith died in London not long ago worth a fortune of over \$50,000,000, the cor-

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ner-stone of which was laid in Chicago with the only business currency methods that were possible at that time. His ability and honesty made his promises to pay as good as gold, despite the raw condition then existing and the meager capital then engaged in business. He saw his opportunity, seized it, filled the bill, and in so doing, more than any other man, laid the foundations of Chicago's present business and wealth.

"Money makes the mare go." A good substitute for the real article sometimes fills the bill much better than an inadequate supply of coin. Chicago from the forties, and the United States from the sixties have given ample proof that this proposition is sound and practical. Chicago has grown from a village into a metropolitan city within the lifetime of men who are to-day among its leading merchants. Before railroads came in, imagine Lake Street so full of wheat teams of a morning that it was difficult to drive a buggy through them, and you have a scene that was of common occurrence in those days. Orrington Lunt and Charles Walker had the two principal grain warehouses for storage and shipment to New York. Agents of warehouses passed through the streets as buyers, and when the grain was delivered farmers were paid off at the retail stores, which did this work for the privilege of selling the farmers their supplies.

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When a railroad was commenced one of these retail men declared that it would spoil the trade of Chicago, as farmers would buy their goods in the country.

Merchants were in the habit of going to the Tremont House of an evening to solicit trade. One of them, a partner in the pioneer wholesale business, who was a member of the state senate, said to this retailer: "I can fix this business so you will always have the country trade. You get up a petition and send it to me asking the legislature to pass a law compelling the farmers hereafter to bring their wheat to Chicago in two-bushel baskets. I will have it passed and that will stop railroad building and you will have it all your own way." That particular retail dealer soon went out of business. Chicago was much too big, even then, for his genius, and has been too big for that kind of merchants ever since.

The building of the Illinois and Michigan Canal was the first inroad on wagon transportation, and the arrival of the first canal boat, in 1848, was celebrated by the turning out of nearly the whole population. Both sides of the river were lined with people, from Lake Street to Monroe Street, to see the innovation, as a practical protest against two-bushel basket transportation for farm products. The largest wholesale grocery houses were located at Ottawa, the head of navigation on the Illinois River. The principal one of these gro-

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cers, on his first visit to Chicago on this canal, saw on the door of one of his customers an advertisement for a bookkeeper, and jocosely applied for the place. Having been accepted he asked for the key to the safe and at once proceeded to put all the books in that receptacle for safe-keeping, saying: "That is the way I keep books." And it was not long before his books were kept that way, his business having taken canal transportation, and made the trip to Chicago for a permanent location.

Everybody sang the praises of the canal as the first boom for Chicago coming from the Southwest. Like scenes were of weekly occurrence when lake boats from Buffalo landed at their dock with immigrants and merchandise. Such scenes were the event of the week, adding as they did both to Chicago's population and wealth, till some men were optimistic enough to predict that some day Chicago would have 100,000 population.

One merchant of that way of thinking added real estate to his business, using the evenings for auction sales. He was accused of wholesale lying as to Chicago's future prosperity in making his sales, and was reminded of it several years afterwards in the lobby of the Tremont House. Thereupon he remarked: "True, I intended to lie, but you will all agree now that this town has conspired with destiny to indorse me as a truthful as well as a modest

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man, and I shall expect my customers to erect a monument to my memory, as having laid the foundation of their fortunes."

Commerce grew apace until scores of vessels were docked in Chicago every winter. It so happened one spring that melted snow and heavy rains turned the swollen Desplaines River into the Chicago River, breaking up the ice with a rise so rapid that more than fifty vessels were broken from their docks, and at the bend of the river, at River and Rush streets, were wedged in till those on the outside were hoisted partly out of water, making their masts collide with the masts of those in the center, till their cracking noises resembled the firing of heavy guns.

The streets of Chicago at that time were several feet lower than they are now and the Tremont House's lower story was flooded with water from the river. Soon after this, in 1859, George M. Pullman took the contract to raise that then mammoth brick building one whole story with 3,000 screws. It was the wonder of the day to see it rise slowly, while business was carried on during the process without interruption.



THE FIRST BUSINESS HOUSE OF
COOLEY, FARWELL & CO.

Early Business Reminiscences

AS I look back over my business life, a flood of memories comes over me, to verify the fact that "if one's foresight was only as good as his hindsight," how many pages, black with disappointment and regrets, might be luminous with success in every respect of the enchanting word. Yet the mistakes a man makes are often the corner-stones of that success. It is only the man who loses confidence in himself, because of them, that is obliged to make an assignment for the benefit of his creditors; but the man who trains his guns of grit, grace, and gumption upon apparently insurmountable difficulties will carry their strongholds in due time; and to begin with nothing but a sound mind in a sound body, instead of one million dollars, is the best capital a young man can have for his gun-carriages and ammunition.

At all events, that has been my experience in fifty-four years of business life. The failure of the firm that first gave me a chance, in 1847, through a fire, proved to be my introduction to the one that is now the John V. Farwell Company.

When I was the junior partner of that firm, of which I was the general manager at twenty-

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five years of age, the "stumptail currency" was the only money in existence in Chicago. At one time a man could not pay with this money for a dinner across the state line. The Merchants' Association of Chicago made war on it in the legislature, two years before the final liquidation of it in a great panic, and placed an independent paper, of which I was the editor, on the desk of each member, with the competent facts and arguments to show that liquidation then by law would save a business liquidation of it with much greater losses when it did come; but to no effect. The moonshine bankers' money did the work of staving off the liquidation, and in adding one hundred per cent to the losses made in doing it, to the business community. Bankers charged from ten to twenty-five per cent for New York exchange, when merchants' debts had to be paid, and even at that, only in limited amounts could it be obtained.

We were then at 205 South Water Street. Our goods were hoisted into the second floor with a rope elevator, but the business grew so fast that Mr. Cooley and myself determined to move to Wabash Avenue as soon as we could build a larger store with a steam elevator. We had no commercial agencies at that time to report on the credit and capital of country merchants, which made it necessary to depend on our own judgment of the honesty and ability of customers from their

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own statements. Consequently when spring and fall busy sale seasons were over, it was my custom to visit as many of them as possible, with horse and buggy conveyance, until railroads were built. On one such trip, out near Galena, I was belated and took the wrong road, which led through the woods to a settler's cabin, at nine o'clock at night. I was hospitably entertained, sleeping on the floor near the fire, while the whole family betook themselves to their beds in the same room. I was very glad to take what I could get, and slept well for a lost commercial traveling salesman, two hundred miles away from home.

I have often made sixty miles a day with a single horse and buggy on such trips. I remember making a sale to a man from Peoria, whom I later found drunk at the Tremont House, on my evening drumming excursions. In the morning, when he came for his goods, I informed him of my discovery, and said that I should be obliged to decline delivering them. He begged so hard and promised so faithfully that he would never drink again, if I would deliver the goods, that I took the risk. Twenty years after that, on a railroad trip to Milwaukee, I had left my spectacles at home, and discovered my carelessness after buying a paper to read. My next seat neighbor saw my predicament, and offered me his, which I gratefully accepted. On my returning them, he politely asked me to keep them as a memento

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of my kindness to him twenty years before, which he had never forgotten. I did not know him until he reminded me of that incident in his commercial history, as the beginning of a great success in business, and when I afterwards went to Peoria to a Sunday school convention, I found him an ardent Y. M. C. A. man and a wholesale dealer in notions. So it paid to take a business risk on moral grounds, in this instance, at least.

Again the new store became too small for our business, after Mr. Cooley had retired. During the war we had taken in as partners Marshall Field and Levi Z. Leiter, who had been our clerks for several years, lending them \$100,000 each, and at the close of the war they retired from the firm and bought out Potter Palmer.

The result was the beginning of a rapid development of the wholesale trade in Chicago, which has never been checked, because of a healthy competition similar to that in New York, until now it is the leading wholesale market of the United States, compelling commission merchants of the East to open houses in Chicago to meet its demands. We had prophesied this years before, and were met with the statement, "Wind, wind." It is quite true that this opinion of Chicago was not confined to New York. Milwaukee, Cincinnati, and St. Louis emphasized it more than New York, until Chicago had so far outstripped them all

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that such remarks would only demonstrate their imbecility in ignoring established facts. Dining some years ago at Delmonico's, with a Chicago friend who had a New York friend with him, whose next-door neighbor, also of New York, was characterizing Chicago in the most scorching terms as a one-horse town of the balloon order, our New York companion said to this eloquent defamer of the Western metropolis, "My Chicago friend by my side will not enjoy such remarks." "Oh yes, I will," said he, "I have heard them from Milwaukee, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, until they have been squelched by our supremacy, and now it is perfectly proper for New York to do it, after taking in Jersey City, Brooklyn, and all adjoining suburbs, in order to keep up with our population. But she will soon join our western towns in silent recognition of our supremacy, notwithstanding these additions, and then I suppose London will become jealous and treat us in the same way, until Chicago shall be the acknowledged center of business and population for our little planet, and then I suppose some planet a little larger than ours will also become jealous."

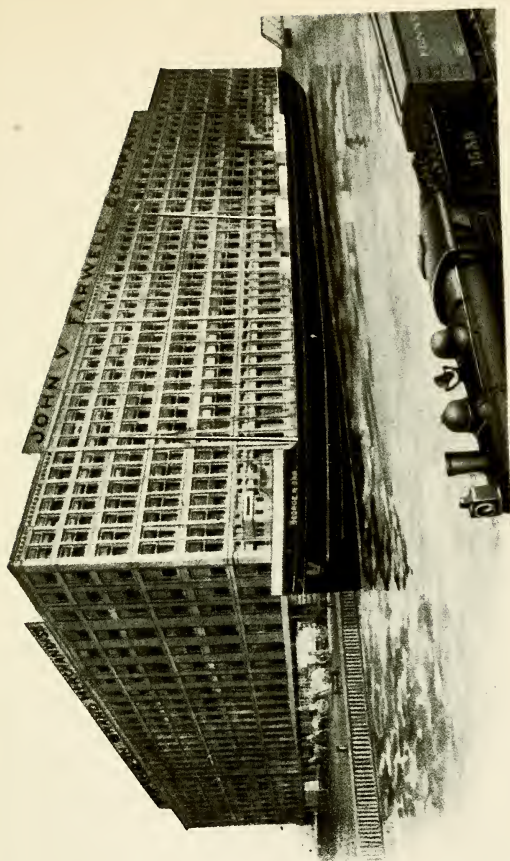
The next new store was at 72, 74, and 76 Wabash Avenue. One year before the great fire it was burned up, and rebuilt, to be again wiped out by fire. An attempt was made after that fire to acquire the adjoining corner, north, which failed. This caused the removal

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to Monroe Street, near the river, where a two-story warehouse and stable were located, whose walls were intact, and it took but a very short time for a five-story structure to rise upon its ruins. Meanwhile the balance of the half block joining it on either side was acquired and built on in due time. While this was being built, the business was carried on in a wood shed on Michigan Avenue. There happened to be a coal cellar under it, which was supposed to have been divested of its fire by water, but in a few days the smouldering fire broke out and threatened another fire annihilation. But it was extinguished with little damage.

AFTER THE FIRE

The next day after the great fire, a merchants' meeting was called to consider the situation, and to act in concert. A wholesale liquor dealer counseled an assignment as the only method to deal with it. C. B. Farwell had been called to the chair, and after this cowardly suggestion I was called for, and as near as I can recollect counseled as follows: "Let us first ascertain how each one stands, and then ask such an extension as corresponds with the condition of each, and then make the ashes of the fire the basis for rebuilding Chicago with fire-proof buildings as near as it is possible. Such a program will gain the confidence and support of creditors to any needed



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extent, while to sit down and cry over spilt milk would only acquire their contempt instead of their needed help." The meeting was unanimous, with the exception of the one liquor man, in recommending and carrying out such action.

Our firm's removal to the new wholesale center was followed by Field & Leiter and other concerns, and transformed one of the worst parts of Chicago into a business district which has kept its new character ever since. C. B. Farwell and myself bought, in all, more than three blocks in the new district, and in the rise in value more than recouped three fire losses. In a few years our new quarters, comprising two-thirds of a half-block 200 by 190 feet, became too small, and the block now occupied by the John V. Farwell Co. was built, 275 by 400 feet on the ground, with eight stories, including basement and sub-basement. The excavations were made in March, and the first of January following it was occupied. There are twenty-seven acres of plastering in the building and no building of its character and size was ever built in Chicago in so short a time. A part of the Market Street front is rented, but may some time be all occupied as one wholesale house, until sweeping changes become necessary to meet new conditions arising from continued growth.



Mr. F. B. Lacey

+ Bros note for
the 18th of April of
The Mer. Bank to
they can afford
it to us for
make the ex change
perhaps more -
fort story in when
a $\frac{1}{3}$ interest -
the money to be
such confidence
have it than we
get into the old

on any com-
to buy me
if you can
invest in
the largest
in the N.
of Chicago
may -
for \$500



COOLEY, FARWELL & CO.

Wholesale Dry Goods,

42, 44 AND 46 WABASH AVENUE,

Chicago: *May 15th 1863*

Mr. F. S. Lacey
Dear Sir

I send you C. H. M. & Co.

+ Bros note for \$7575⁰⁰/₁₀₀ drawing interest from
the 18th of April payable Jan^y 1st 1864 - I want
the Mer. Bank to discount the note at 6% &
they can afford to do it. I have then send
it to us for collection as we can probably
make the exchange with the Treasury notes and
perhaps more - This leaves me with a 36
foot store in which Bernis of St. Louis has
a $\frac{1}{3}$ interest - I wish I could have drawn
the money to build the whole to myself - I have
such confidence in the property that I would rather
have it than a Dry Goods business which things
get into the old channels again, with competition

on any corner - If you will find someone
to buy me out when you go out, or before
if you can find anyone to suit you, I will
emigrate in R.E. in Chicago - It is to be
the largest & most marvellous city outside of N.Y.
in the U.S. The man has cheated the people
of Chicago, & his reputation is all right any
way - I could have rented my store
for \$500 if I had not rented to Richard

Yours very truly

Saml. H. Cornell

The Great War

CHICAGO sent the first regiment into instant service on the order of Governor Yates, after Sumter was fired on, to take and hold Cairo, and if it had arrived there forty-eight hours later than it did, the rebels would have occupied that strategic point. It was made up of State Militia and Volunteers, of whom R. K. Swift, a Chicago banker, was the commander.

Governor Yates also sent a competent Chicago military man to remove the guns and ammunition from the United States arsenal in St. Louis to Springfield, Illinois. By strategy he removed them to a steamer by night, just in time to prevent their being taken by the rebels. This kept Missouri in the Union. Governor Yates thus demonstrated that he was a real "war governor," who did things in time to make his work count, and thus Chicago led the vanguard in making his reputation.

The work of the Christian Commission consisted in looking after the sick and wounded soldiers, with creature comforts as well as spiritual food. I remember buying at one time all the codfish in Chicago, as the best cure for prevalent bowel complaints in the army in the South, and at another all the woolen gloves and

my - If you will find someone
out when you go out, or before
find anyone to suit you. I will
R.E. in Chicago - It is to be
of a most matthy city outside of N.Y.

8. The man has checked the profits
his reputation is all right every

9. I could have rented my store
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Yours very truly

John W. Fennell

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mittens for "Pap" Thomas's army during a very cold snap in Tennessee. Neither of these purchases was regulation army rations or clothing, but they were much appreciated by sick and freezing soldiers. I saw this grand old man, when in Tennessee, a few weeks before the battle he fought there, after General Logan had been sent by some jealous or suspicious superiors to supersede him. General Logan had the manliness to say to General Thomas that as he had made all the preparations for the conflict, he would request him to fight the battle, and let him, Logan, only look on, or obey orders for a charge, if necessary. Not one general in a hundred would have done that, with a commission in his pocket to take charge of an army ready for active operations in the field.

Mr. Moody and others made a trip up the Tennessee River, after the battle of Pittsburg Landing, and the story of his experience with the wounded and dying soldiers I shall never forget. No one was better fitted to comfort them with Christ's gospel of peace on earth and good will to men, and to send messages of the dying to bereaved ones at home.

Chaplain (afterward Bishop) McCabe was one of our Commission's delegates, after he was released from Libby Prison, and made a wonderful record in helping on the work. His experiences at the hands of the rebels in Libby Prison and elsewhere were great helps in arousing his audiences, and when his incom-

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parable singing was added to his addresses, none could resist his appeals for help.

At a Methodist conference in Chicago, Bishop McCabe said to me, "Do you know you made me a bishop?"

"No, I don't. How is that?"

"Well, you made me a Christian Commission delegate, and my work in that body made me a bishop."

It was my great privilege, with George H. Stuart and others of our Commission, to visit General Grant at City Point, near the close of the war, and be conducted to the front to get a bird's-eye view of the war.

The following articles were written home for the Northwestern Christian Advocate while on that expedition, and give what came under my own observation when the war was nearly over, and when the feeling, North and South, was most intense. Looking back from a present-day standpoint it does not seem possible that such a war could have occurred in this country, but that it must all be the product of a diseased imagination, brooding over supposed ills that never had a real existence.

A WEEK AT THE FRONT WITH THE U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION

If I recollect right the colored race were coming through the Red Sea, led by God's Abrahamic Moses into the Canaan of the

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United States citizenship, when we parted company last week. After passing through the country at Point of Rocks, and partaking of a hasty supper at the rooms of the Christian Commission, the bugle sounded for church, and we were conducted to a beautiful rustic chapel, constructed under the direction of Chaplain Williams, a field agent of the Commission, holding over six hundred persons. It was filled to its utmost, while the soldiers took charge of the meeting with the manifest help of Him who said, "Lo I am with you."

To realize what the meeting was, one must be there; it cannot be put into type. A stalwart colored man, in blue uniform, who had lost both eyes in the service, rose to his feet, and with a calmness that bespoke the veteran, said: "Bredderen, dough my body sight am failed, de eye of faith am clear and strong. I sees de reward of victory jus' afore me, and I'se gwine to grasp the prize wid the promises of my Hebenly Fader." A very intelligent white soldier followed him with an account of his conversion, only a few days before, and the assault Satan had made upon his faith. In the midst of the conflict, apparently overcome, he thought of the great Captain—went to Him, and returned with the marching order, "Get thee behind me, Satan," which was instantly obeyed, and then with the pathos of the new "creature" in Christ Jesus, and a mind quickened with energy of this new birth, he called

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on his fellow-soldiers to enlist under the blood-stained and victorious banner of King Jesus, whose kingdom is not of this world, but is set up within us.

An old sunburnt Methodist from Indiana said he had received a letter from two of his little girls at home, in which they said, "Papa, we have taken your advice, and given our hearts to Jesus." With his heart so full that he could scarcely speak, he said, "How this intelligence steals from my thoughts the hardships of a soldier's life." The thought that his house had determined to serve God buried all hardships and toil under its broad shield, and he was a happy man.

Drs. Scudder and Duryea could no longer retain their seats, and the other New York gentlemen were taken with the same symptoms. Such extemporaneous remarks from men accustomed to read sermons I never heard before. Truly, God was in that place.

At the appointed hour General Patrick's boat came to carry us to City Point, and the services had to be closed.

Our next march was to the extreme front, via Petersburg to Hatcher's Run, under the escort of General Gwyn, who shared our hospitality at City Point, and insisted on our sharing his at the front.

The general won his stars by his gallantry in taking a rebel fort, and suffice it to say that he captured us likewise upon the first charge,

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and if he ever come West I propose to let you look upon one who is every inch a man.

After dinner the general had his brigade drawn up in a hollow square, in front of his quarters, to hear from George H. Stuart and others of our party, who addressed them briefly, after which the camp rang with cheers for General Grant and President Lincoln.

An hour's ride brought us to a lookout station, from which through a glass I could survey the streets of Petersburg and its defenses, while a little out to the left a rebel brigade was drilling, whose bayonets glistened in the sun with a horrid glare. Only a few hours previous two men had been drawn up before them, shot and buried like dogs, probably for believing that to desert was more patriotic than to fight against the good old flag.

On our return we visited the headquarters of General Crawford, where we found General Davis, chief of cavalry, and General Warren, —all young men whose names will shine in history. The next day was the Sabbath and our party were detailed for special services in several of the army chapels at different stations, of which there are one hundred and fifty now in the service.

At Warren station there was a communion service, where, for some reason I learned that nearly all the Methodist delegates of the Commission had been sent by our field agent. A heavenly Methodist revival has been in pro-

John V. Farwell

gress there for some weeks, and at this communion twenty-five were baptized, and two hundred communed, one hundred and thirty of whom were new converts.

Ministers of four denominations assisted in the service, and no one asked whether they were all Close Communion Baptists, or lineal descendants of the Apostolic Church, while they came forward with broken hearts to commemorate the suffering of Him who prayed the Father that they all might be one, as He and the Father were one—and such they seemed to be, as full hearts and moistened eyes amply testified on this occasion. Such scenes are a foretaste as well as a symbol of heaven.

From all quarters of the globe almost, and from all denominations, did this company draw its numbers, and yet the religion of Jesus broke down all walls of national or sectarian partition, and placed them all at Jesus' feet, an exalted level of true nobility.

Monday morning General Grant placed his private boat at our disposal for a visit to the Army of the James, and telegraphed General Ord to furnish us transportation, on arriving at his headquarters, for that purpose. It had been intimated to us that General Ord was a Catholic, and that probably we should not be very cordially treated. In this we were misled. Our transportation was duly furnished, and in conversation with him in regard to the work of the Christian Commission in his de-

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partment, he seemed to take a deep interest in it, saying that it was doing more good in proportion to its means than any other agency in the army, and that among his colored troops the schools were doing an immense amount of good. This is the universal testimony of all the officers of the army with whom I conversed. "God bless the Christian Commission" seems to resound all along the lines of these armies.

Riding along the lines of General Ord's army, nothing but black soldiers met the eye. At one point Brother Stuart ordered a halt, when the soldiers were off duty, and called a large number together in an incredibly short space of time, and talked to them about Jesus and their duty to Him as well as to their country, after which they all joined heartily in singing a hymn. Before prayers, all who wished to be prayed for were requested to raise their hands. A majority raised their hands in token of such desire, and one of the ministers led in earnest prayer.

Passing on, we soon came to a regiment on dress parade. The colonel requested another impromptu meeting with his regiment. With a saddle for a pulpit, and a file of armed soldiers for an audience, Brother Mingins officiated, and we passed on to other scenes, wondering the while at the quiet order and neatness of these colored soldiers in every department of their duty.

John V. Farwell

Fort Harrison, in our lines, is confronted by a rebel fort, the muzzles of whose guns are almost visible to the naked eye; while in plain sight, between the two, were federal and rebel lines of pickets, marching their tedious beats in talking distance of each other; ready at any moment, upon word of command, to open the red sepulchre of war, and bury each other out of sight.

Returning to the boat, at nine o'clock at night, the captain informed us that it was too foggy to go back to City Point, so we were booked for a night's lodging and a supper in the same rooms and around the same table where President Lincoln and Secretary Seward met the rebel peace commissioners but a few weeks before to discuss the terms of peace. About four o'clock in the morning I was awakened from a comfortable sleep by a discharge of artillery which shook the boat, and the thought struck me that the rebel rams, whose smoke we had seen the day before from Dutch Gap Canal, had come down the river to retake a boat load of our prisoners which lay just above in the river waiting to go down to City Point.

The journey home, the waiting on the boat with rebel deserters, would form another chapter, but I will give merely one instance of a facetious rebel's leave-taking from his former companions.

He was a cavalryman, and told me that he had spent \$4,500 since the war began for

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horses, and a short time before he deserted an order was issued that any one found destroying rails would be required to maul three hundred as a punishment for the offense.

He had built a shelter for his horse, and had used two rails to keep the shakes on the roof, for which he was called up to the captain's quarters to answer.

He plead that the rails were not destroyed, but were in the service, protecting the horse. His plea was denied and sentence passed that he must split three hundred rails. The captain lent him an ax without a helve, that had been "jumped" so often that there was scarcely anything left but an eye. When he was to be on picket duty that night he deserted, and he left word for the captain that, as he knew nothing about splitting rails, he had concluded to go and take a few lessons of Abraham, who, he was informed, understood the business; meanwhile he hoped the captain might be able to dispense with the rails until his return.

They will all take lessons of Abraham ere long. Thank God, he is an apt teacher who will soon convince the rebel crew that the way of the transgressor is hard and that the rebellion can be split as well as rails.

In my last I gave you some incidents on the way to the front. We will now take some observations together from the tusks of the "Elephant," commencing at General Grant's headquarters, where we found ourselves a short

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time after our arrival at City Point. Mr. Stuart introduced the company to the general, who received us cordially. While talking with us it was evident from his countenance that the chess board of the conflict was uppermost in his mind, and when Sherman's name was mentioned, his face seemed to glow with mingled satisfaction and pride, as he pointed to Fayetteville on the map, saying, "He will be there in a few days." The papers were sending him off to Salisbury after our prisoners, but it was evident that Grant had sent him to Fayetteville.

Grant says, "Go," and he goeth — anywhere. From here we proceeded to the headquarters of General Patrick, provost marshal of the armies of the James and the Potomac, whose heart and soul seemed to be in sympathy with the work of the Christian Commission. After giving us some excellent advice, by way of suggestion, he ordered his own private boat to convey us to Point of Rocks for an inspection of the large hospitals at that place, and accompanied us there. Would to God that all our generals were like him, Christian men, wearing the star of Bethlehem as prominently as the stars of their rank in the army. Passing through the hospitals, which wore an aspect of neatness and comfort, our attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of a colored man just being taken out for burial. Mr. Stuart called the little gathering together,

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and proposed a short burial service, consisting of singing, remarks, and prayers, which were kindly received by the soldiers and nurses. A little farther on, an old colored man, who seemed very intelligent, attracted my attention, and I said to him, "How do you like this phase of war?" "Oh, sir" he said, "I shall never fight any more. I am sixty years old. I shall soon get my discharge and go up yonder." "Up where?" "Where Jesus is."

Having taken a hasty look at the diet kitchen, in which are prepared by Christian women such delicacies as a sick man can appreciate, we mounted ambulances and rode out to the front, and from a lookout station, elevated about a hundred and fifty feet, we took a bird's-eye view of the rebel pickets and their works. This done, Brother Stuart asked the signal boys in attendance if they would n't like to have a prayer meeting in the tower, to which they readily assented. After prayer by Dr. Scudder, and thanks from the boys, we were lowered away to terra firma again, wondering if ever a prayer meeting was held in such a place before.

The next point of interest to us was the cemetery. It is laid out in circular form, with a vacant space in the center for a monument and ranged in alternate sections, with walks dividing them. Each state has her long line of wooden head-boards for the men who laid down their lives for their country, and

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a prominent feature is the space allotted to the colored troops, of whom there seemed to be a longer line of head-boards than in any other section (the army of the James being largely composed of colored troops). It taught me that colored men have some rights that white men are bound to respect,—the right to lay down their lives for a government that has been an asylum for the oppressed of all nations except their own.

The spectacle is sublime—meeting a martyr's fate in the cause of their own former oppressors. From Deep Bottom on the James to Fort Harrison, and on to the extreme right, for miles and miles, these black men without rights stand behind breastworks of their own construction, and within forts built by their labor, carrying Uncle Sam's muskets and manning his loud-mouthed peacemakers, stamping the rebellion into the dust.

Thanks to the God of justice and Abraham Lincoln, that the colored man's answer to a delegate's question, "What does U. S. mean?" as it stands on the badge of the U. S. Christian Commission, is prophetic of the coming position of his countrymen. Said he, "It means *us*." Those breastworks made by colored soldiers, those muskets and those cannon, borne and manned by colored troops, and those graves filled by colored dead, speak to us of the rights of black men in tones that cannot be stifled

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by the cry of "nigger worshipers" in the ears of the American people. They do mean us surely.

Pardon me if I say more than I ought to in this connection, and put it down to the account of a weakness of mine in being captured by these sights around "the elephant." On the boat we saw a very intelligent contraband with whom we had the following conversation: "What is your name?" "Eli Brown." "Any relation to John Brown?" "No, massa, but I have heard of him in Richmond. It cost Governor Wise millions to hang him, but his soul is marching on." "You are from Richmond, then, and of course you recognize Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy?" "No, sah, I does n't nohow."

"Haven't you heard that Lincoln is going to recognize it?" With a look of astonishment, he was speechless for a minute, and then gathering faith in the author of the proclamation, said he: "Wal, sah, when Mister Lincoln does dat, den I will."

"How did you get here?" "I runned away, sah." "Did you consult your master about it?" "No, sah, Massa Allen didn't consult me when he sold my two chillens, so I not consult him when I leaved him."

"White people down South say that you black people cannot take care of yourselves when you are free; how is that?" "Wal, massa, we takes care of dem, and us too,

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when we's slaves—can't we take care of us alone when we's free?"

Another of the contrabands, servant of one of the generals, who had taught him to read, said that before he left his master they told him that the Yankees would shoot the black-men, make breastworks of them, and shoot down their women and children—but he had concluded to try it on. We said to him: "Your masters tell us that you don't want your freedom, how is that?" "Dey try to shut your eyes same as they did us, about your shooting us."

We attended a colored prayer meeting at City Point, the attendants being from a regiment two thirds of whose men had been killed in the famous attempt to take Petersburg. Our New York D.D.'s were very much interested, and shook hands heartily with the leader of the meeting, who, after some ten had come forward for prayers, could keep still no longer, and so shook hands with almost every man in the house. This man spoke with such force and clearness, as to command the attention of those learned men. I took occasion to talk with him after the meeting was over, and found that he had been a slave in Louisville, Kentucky, was a preacher, and gave this account of his first sermon:

He was sixty years old. At the age of thirty he had a vision in which the first chapter of Job and the second chapter of the Acts

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were given to him, word for word, and the next day being the Sabbath, he repeated the two chapters, and spoke to his brethren. After the services, a white man, who knew him well, asked him where he had learned them, when he gave him the facts, and this friend took out his Bible, and read them to him. He had never before known that there were such books in the Bible as the book of Job and the Acts. Job, bereft of all he had, and the disciples of Jesus endued with the Holy Ghost, and having all things in common, was to him all the theology he needed to preach to the slave who was bereft of all; yet the gift of the Holy Spirit was left within his grasp, which levels all distinctions and raises to a common level, in the regard of the great All-Father, every child of the dust.

ELECTION OF 1864

While the war was at its height, Lincoln was again nominated for President, and I was made elector for the first district of Illinois, including Chicago, and sent the following communication to the Northwestern Christian Advocate, to indicate my view of the situation at that time, and the prospective result. This was the only elective political office I ever held by the votes of my fellow-citizens:

Mr. Editors: Having had my name placed before the people for Presidential Elector,

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without having sought the position, you will please allow me space in your columns to tell the people my views, without their having asked for them, so that no one shall have it to say, that he voted for an "Abolitionist," without knowing it. I always have been a "Democratic-Republican Abolitionist," though I never voted an Abolition ticket. I have served as one of a jury in the United States courts in indicting men for resisting the execution of the fugitive slave law, not because the law was just, but because obedience to the law is the only safety for free governments. I have a great love for the United States Government, because, as it is democratic in principle, republican in form, and now proposes that every man, woman, and child shall be free, from the bottom to the top of its population, I believe it to be the only true exponent of liberty and progress for the human race. Having this faith, I am for abolishing everything and everybody that would tarnish its honor or diminish its power.

Its Constitution, and the Union of States under it, must be preserved at all hazards. Abraham Lincoln and the platform of principles he occupies are unequivocally pledged to this purpose; therefore, if the voice of the whole world were necessary to make him President, and I were empowered to cast the vote, I would cast it for this man, before all other good and true men who honor our times.

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The rebellion was begun because the essential principles of the Chicago platform elected him four years since. Those principles, baptized with the blood of patriots, will elect him again, and abolish the rebellion at the point of the bayonet. Then will he be President of the whole territory over which he was first constitutionally elected, the nation's honor and integrity will be vindicated before the world, and the Constitution will be regarded everywhere as a real and holy bond of inalienable rights and not empty words wasted on worthless parchment.

This must be accomplished to secure permanent peace and prosperity to the nation, and hereby many things must necessarily be abolished which now hold high carnival in expectation of a different result in the November election.

The African "nigger" with his mixed descendants having been the authors of all the fusions and confusions which have made the fire and brimstone of the present war, and our past political broils, must have his office abolished by abolishing his chains. The blood of thousands slain, and the peace of our children, demand this of the present administration.

The freedom of speech and of the press which belittles the Government and pronounces the work of our victorious armies a failure, while it magnifies the rebellion and

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its agencies, must be abolished by serried battalions of free ballots.

Vallandigham, Wood, Seymour & Co. must have their pretensions to leadership and other aspirations to power abolished, with no freedom of speech left them, except upon penitential knees to implore "Father Abraham" to send some poor abolitionist to bring them in out of the cold, where the coming elections will surely leave them.

The aspirations of all wicked and unprincipled men for places of power and trust in the administration of the Government must be abolished, because "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." We want no more a Buchanan in the White House, to allow his secretaries to steal our guns, our ships, our forts, and our money, as the price of his office.

Professional politicians, and office-seekers, and brokers must be abolished. The people must learn to ask their best men to fill their offices, from justices of the peace to President of the Republic; and not allow the Woods, Seymours, Voorheeses, and Vallandighams to hoodwink them into the belief that they are the real conservators of the peace and prosperity of the nation—the only men capable of managing its affairs.

A bogus Democracy, with such leaders, who proposed to coerce their minority to yield to the majority in the first election of Abraham to

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the presidency, must be abolished beyond the hope of resurrection, or democratic governments must of necessity prove a disgraceful failure.

That partisan spirit which would revive such a miserable organization of dry bones by voting with a party which declares the war to be a failure, must be abolished by such a robust, living majority of intelligent, patriotic and independent Union votes, as will demonstrate that patriotism and genuine democracy know no party as such.

British swagger and gentlemanly French insolence, breathing out sympathy for the rebels, must be abolished, by the same host of genuine Democratic voters.

That political secession humbug called "State rights" or "popular sovereignty," requiring the whole nation to make a bow to South Carolina, while she fires upon Sumter and sets up for herself, must be abolished, or our government is not worth the value of the plain white canvas which receives the stars and stripes as the emblem of its power and identity. Our flag is called a "dirty rag" by the rebels, and such it is, if the State can defy the Federal authority with impunity. "Let us rally round the flag, boys," until no head nor heart shall attempt to ride such a miserable hobby over the ruins of our national authority and greatness.

In short, the Chicago platform and its candidates must be abolished by a grand Aboli-

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tion charge. Without principles and without men, the American people must bury them out of sight, simply because the rebels want them to live and rule. Any other reason in addition to this would be insulting to the common sense of a free people.

After this general Abolition ticket has been stereotyped upon the Government, by the logic of the November elections, as it will be, then it will be comparatively an easy task for our boys in blue to abolish the rebel armies. Taking heart from such substantial moral reinforcements from home, their valor will be irresistible, and "Abolitionist" will then be the motto of the coat-of-arms for our regenerated Government; which shall commend it to the affectionate regard of mankind and the approbation of Him who sits "as Governor among the nations" and commands them to "break every yoke."

If I am chosen as one of the Presidential Electors of the great state of Illinois, which has furnished the best President, and the best general, since the days of Washington, I herewith give notice to the voters that shall so elect me, that I shall vote to place them securely in Abraham's bosom, and not in the hearse of the grave-digger of the Chickahominy, for political burial in the graveyards of nations.

When the war was over and the Christian Commission had closed its work, a meeting of

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the pastors and active workers in Chicago was held in the Second Presbyterian Church. At the close I was called to the front, and presented with a beautiful Bible, with the following address, in writing, together with the Bible:

CHICAGO, April 26, 1866.

HON. JOHN V. FARWELL.

Dear Brother—We are informed that the Northwestern branch of the Christian Commission, of which you are the chairman, having completed its work, is about to present a final report of its labors to the public. We deem this a fitting occasion to give expression to our estimate of the value of the work which it has accomplished and of the faithful manner in which it has fulfilled its trust, and we desire especially to testify our appreciation of the services which you have rendered to the cause of Christ, our country, and its noble defenders in your unwearied efforts and many sacrifices to carry the comforts of home and the gospel of Jesus to the soldiers of our army, in token of which we beg you to accept this copy of that Holy Book, through whose teachings you have received the wisdom that directed the grace that sustained and the strength that gave success to your truly patriotic, philanthropic, and Christian labors.

Very respectfully, on behalf of the donors,
THE COMMITTEE.

John V. Farwell

Names of donors to the J. V. Farwell testimonial fund:

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The only ones now living (1903) of this list of ministers and laymen and business men are

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Bishop C. H. Fowler, Judge O. H. Horton, Dr. Hollister, E. S. Wells and Marshall Field.

THE SOUTH AFTER THE WAR

My first trip to New Orleans, after the war, gave me an insight into political sectarianism, based on slavery as a democratic institution. Getting into conversation with a Southern man on the cars, I eulogized Lincoln as the best friend of the South, but soon found out that such sentiments were almost a pretext for my expulsion from the train.

Coming home by way of Charleston, we found a remarkable minister there, who served one of the largest churches in Charleston, only on condition that he be allowed to preach once a week to colored people, quite in contrast with the sentiments of Dr. Palmer, who would have nothing to do with Moody when in New Orleans, because he was a layman; yet he finally accepted a position on the commission to arrange union Sunday-school lessons, which was one of Moody's children. While in Charleston, I was informed of a colored minister, who, when the earthquake shook his church, prayed: "O Lord, come and help us, quick; don't send your son, for this is business." I doubted the genuineness of this history, but in Camden, S. C., a year ago (1902), a colored minister who had been a long time in Charleston assured me that it was a true story.

Our next stopping-place was Norfolk, where

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the Merrimack was fitted out to capture Washington and New York, but was driven back to Norfolk Bay by the little Monitor, which arrived there just in time to execute God's orders in the evolution of our American commonwealth into a genuine land of freedom. While there I attended another colored church, which was manned by a thoroughbred negro, whose subject was the last judgment. He was a college graduate, with no negro brogue, and his imagination pictured that awful scene so graphically that my hair stood on end. Dr. Palmer, a great orator, was nowhere in comparison, and I said to myself, if Ham can produce such men, slavery was abolished none too soon.

Hampton School for Indians and negroes was our next point of interest. Here Booker T. Washington worked his way through, when quite a boy, and what he has done for his race since is another unanswerable evidence that slavery was abolished none too soon. He is a veritable Messiah to his people in everything that ennobles, in order to elevate them. If that school had turned out no other graduate from its halls, it has well paid for its title to a place among the benefactors of mankind.

Mt. Vernon and Washington followed Richmond in demanding our passing tribute of attention. Libby's prison walls, where Bishop McCabe sang the Star Spangled Banner the day Vicksburg fell as a prelude to the down-

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fall of the rebellion, called up memories of Andersonville, where our soldiers were literally starved to death in the interests of slavery; while Mt. Vernon and Washington brought again from the dead "the father of his country," as well as its saviour, Abraham Lincoln who, when he left Springfield to assume the responsibilities of the President of the United States, said from the platform of the car that took him from his home, "My fellow-citizens, I am going to assume a task greater than that which engaged Washington's genius, and I ask you all to pray the God of nations to guide me in my work, for with His help I cannot fail." Probably no President ever had as much prayer to God in his behalf, as did Lincoln on account of this little speech, which I heard with my own ears. It went to the whole nation over the wires and in our newspaper columns, as his introduction to the White House, as Washington's co-partner in executing God's behest to make "a government by the people and for the people on the face of the earth" that to-day holds first place in the family of nations. Being dead, Washington and Lincoln still speak in tones of thunder, as well as love, to our people to send their patrimony down the ages as a blessing to all the world. The human dust that lies at Mt. Vernon and at Springfield may well make the meccas of all other nations for political worship.

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I was in New York on business when Lincoln was assassinated. The streets were a veritable vale of tears. Some rebel sympathizers had expressed gratification and they were seized by a mob on Wall Street to be strung up, when Garfield, who was to follow him from the presidential chair to a martyr's grave, in order to appease the mob was called to speak from a balcony and began his speech something like this:

“My fellow-citizens, Lincoln is dead, but God and this government live to guard and guide the destinies of this great country. Shed no blood with puny human hands in defense of Lincoln, when the King of kings is pledged to vindicate righteousness.” They did not hang the rebel sympathizers after this appeal was made to the Almighty to vindicate the right.

I was at home in Chicago when Lincoln's body lay in state in the Court House to be viewed by thousands of our citizens, and I was one of Chicago's escort to Springfield to see it placed at rest from a train that stood in the same place where he had made his memorable speech on leaving Springfield to save the country.

It is a singular fact that I should have had a personal acquaintance and a friendly correspondence with the three Christian Presidents who were assassinated while holding that high office. My admiration for Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield and William McKinley in-

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duced me to take an active part in their election and a great pride in their ability and patriotism.

The animosities among rival candidates and their friends against Mr. Garfield, inducing outrageous remarks about him, were the origin of his death by the hand of a demented wreck of humanity who had heard them and constituted himself the means of ending his administration. He was a religious crank, who once came to my office to borrow \$100 to hire a hall to lecture on Christ's second coming as having occurred when Jerusalem fell, and the next I heard of him was as Garfield's assassin.



Religious Reminiscences

MR. MOODY

WHILE earning the magnificent sum of ninety six dollars, my first year in Chicago, I gave fifty dollars of it to help build the first M. T. brick church, where I was greatly helped by my class teacher, who was a converted dissipated man from Galena.

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AT 42 YEARS OF AGE
It was in this way that I met Mr. Moody, who always came in about a quarter before ten, the hour for preaching. I said to myself, "Who can't he come in for time?" I learned afterwards that he was out drumming up Sunday-school scholars for some one else to teach before getting his own spiritual muscles and then his criticism turned towards those with conspicuous forces and why waste? I doing something for others as well as that young man, was the basis of it. Judge not that ye be not judged, until investigation has the location of the heart in your own eye, instead of your brother's.

After that I kept track of this young man, who left a small South Side church where he was not properly appreciated and organized the North Market Hall Mission Sunday School from the most needy elements of that section. Singing and short addresses were all that



JOHN V. FARWELL
AT 45 YEARS OF AGE

Religious Reminiscences

MR. MOODY

WHILE earning the magnificent sum of ninety-six dollars, my first year in Chicago, I gave fifty dollars of it to help build the first M. E. brick church, where I was greatly helped by my class leader, who was a converted drunkard from Galena.

It was in this man's class that I first met Mr. Moody, who always came in about a quarter before ten, the hour for preaching. I said to myself, "Why can't he come in on time?" I learned afterwards that he was out drumming up Sunday-school scholars for some one else to teach before getting his own spiritual meal, and then my criticism turned towards home with tremendous force, and why wasn't I doing something for others as well as this young man, was the basis of it. Judge not that ye be not judged, until investigation fixes the location of the beam in your own eye, instead of your brother's.

After that I kept track of this young man, who left a small South Side church where he was not properly appreciated and organized the North Market Hall Mission Sunday School, from the most needy elements of that section. Singing and short addresses were all that

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could be utilized at first, but in due time classes were formed, and it became the largest Sunday school in Chicago. The great revival of 1857 and 1858 gave it a new impetus, and I was asked to be superintendent in June, 1860, in this way: One of the converts had asked me to attend a parlor prayer meeting on Michigan Avenue, at D. R. Holt's, and from his manner I was sure that the motive was to help me to be a Christain, which set up a lively thinking, more so than the Moody Class Meeting incident.

Of course I went, and while there made up a programme in my own mind, which was to attend the noon prayer meeting in Metropolitan Hall, which was crowded every day, and let every one know where I stood. I took my seat in the center of the hall, where every one could see me plainly. There were several on their feet at the same time, and, waiting for an opportunity, I did not rise until the leader of the meeting rose, but every one saw my intention, and my speechless confession of Christ before men helped me to sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" as never before.

The next day, on my way to New York and Hartford, the trees and even the crooked rail fences seemed to be singing it with me, without interruption or intermission. Everywhere everything was vocal with its spiritual melody.

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The same intense religious interest prevailed in Hartford at the end of my journey, where at the first opportunity I gave this experience, emphasizing the necessity of confessing Christ at every opportunity before men, as the most effectual argument for Christianity, where coupled with witnessing of what He gives us in exchange for this simple act of saying—practically—that we have believed and, therefore, speak of faith's results. Decision to be Christ's servant means more than having your name on a church record, if it means anything.

The Y. M. C. A. was born again in this revival. It was here, as well as in the Sunday-school work with Mr. Moody, that I learned to appreciate and love him as one of my greatest helpers. His love of the Bible and his intense enthusiasm in work for souls developed him in his Christian usefulness until he girdled the earth with tongue and pen as no one else ever did in this nineteenth century.

After Mr. Lincoln was elected President, but before he was inaugurated, he visited Mr. Moody's Sunday school on the condition that he would not be asked for a speech. He left the dinner table of one of Chicago's prominent citizens and the assembled guests to keep this appointment.

When the opening exercises were concluded, Mr. Moody remarked that the President had visited them on condition that he was not to

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be asked to speak, but if he wished to say anything after seeing and hearing fifteen hundred poor children sing the Gospel of Christ, of course they would keep their ears open, as they would probably never have another President of the United States there. As Lincoln moved down the center of such an audience, he stopped and said in substance:

“I was once as poor as any child here, and I want to say to you that if you learn and obey the teachings of the Bible in your lives, some one of you may become a President of the United States some day.”

When the war broke out and Lincoln called for troops, seventy-five young men from this school enlisted. One eighteen year old boy was chosen captain of a Board of Trade regiment company and distinguished himself. After the war he became the postmaster of Chicago.

It is often said by well-meaning Christian men, “I have no time for active religious work. My business takes all my time.” It is quite true, however, that the busiest business men are usually the ones that do the most in union work, as well as in their own churches. There was only one minister who said when the Y. M. C. A. was organized, after the great revival of 1857-58, that its members were all needed in their own churches and induced his young men converts to leave it to give all their time to church work.

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His prayer meetings gave them no opportunity for training, as he and his elders were the only ones that were called on to pray or speak, and most of those young men soon fell away for want of Christian athletics. Some of them were afterward open infidels for the lack of such experience in a practical confession before men of their faith. Confessing Christ before men, and doing something in His service, is a requisite of Christian growth. Mr. Moody, as a member of the association, organized a daily service in the Bridewell and turned it over to me as superintendent. I was always there Sunday mornings and many times at the noon hour on week days. One man who came there with delirium tremens was converted. I made him night watchman, while my new house on Wabash Avenue was being finished, after giving up my Madison Street residence to the Y. M. C. A., and he was a great help to the noon prayer meeting, with his remarkable testimony to the power of Jesus to save a drunkard. He drifted South as a foreman on some public works, and when the war broke out came into my store so much changed in personal appearance that it took me some time to recognize him. He was on his way to be married, but stayed over to visit the Bridewell, and tell the prisoners that Jesus was able to keep, as well as to save.

I took Bishop Ames, at one time, to address the Bridewell prisoners, and I am sure he

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never had a more attentive audience. Other notables had like opportunities to have a full house, which to most of them was a new experience. Many of those present went out never to be in such an audience a second time.

Mr. Moody gathered a class of street arabs in those early days, who were called "Moody's bodyguard." They were promised new suits on Christmas if they attended every Sunday until then. He took a picture of them as they appeared on the street and another after Christmas, as they appeared in the Sunday school, and very few of them can be recognized as belonging to both groups. I was their teacher. One day one of them came in and took his seat with his hat on. Another planted a blow between his eyes that sprawled him to the floor, remarking at the same time, "I will teach you better than to come into Moody's Sunday school with your hat on." His hat etiquette was perfect after that.

Shortly before this one-armed Charlie Morton was converted, after coming home from the army. He was passing along the street when he heard singing in a hall, and looking in at the open door saw on a big placard at the front of the room the words, "God is Love." Charlie thought, "Well, if there is love anywhere, I want it," and went in. Mr. Moody preached a good sermon and was down shaking hands with Mr. Morton before he could get away. Mr. Moody turned him over to the

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secretary of the Y. M. C. A., who took him home and kept him for three weeks, until he was thoroughly converted and freed from the drink habit. Mr. Morton then became one of Mr. Moody's most active workers.

Years after this Mr. Morton went for a pass to one of our railroads, and the manager said to him, "You don't seem to know me."

"I haven't that pleasure," said Mr. Morton.

"Did you know Moody's bodyguard?"

"Yes very well, I have their photograph in my parlor."

"Well, when you look at it again, pick out the ugliest of the group, and that is your humble servant, who is now a church member, and Sunday-school worker. I never gave a pass with more pleasure."

Another interesting case in the school was that of an unruly boy, whose teacher said to Mr. Moody: "I must give up my class, that boy spoils all my work."

The next Sunday Mr. Moody said to me: "I am going to take that boy into the police office below and whip him, and when you see me start for him have the school rise and sing the loudest hymn in the book until I return." This programme was carried out, and when he returned Moody looked as though he had had a hard job. In a month's time the boy became a Christian and a great help to his teacher.

When Moody was holding meetings in Farwell Hall, after his return from England, a

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man approached me at the close of a service and said, "You don't seem to know me."

I scanned him closely and said, "You are the bad boy that Moody whipped into the Kingdom of Grace; does it stay with you?"

"Oh, yes," he replied. "I have never gone back on that conversion."

Another incident, which really decided Mr. Moody to give up business for mission work, was when a teacher came to him with tears in his eyes, and said: "I have to go home to my mother to die with the consumption, but it seems as though I cannot go until my class of ten girls, ten to fifteen years of age, become Christians. What can I do?"

"Well," said Moody, "I will get a carriage and we will go to each one until you have seen and told them of the object of your last visit as rapidly as your strength will permit."

This was done, and one by one they all decided for Christ. Then all gathered at the house which they found most convenient, and each one gave her testimony and prayed with Moody and their teacher. The next day the teacher was surprised to find Mr. Moody and every one of those girls at the depot to bid him good-bye, and with gifts of flowers and a parting song he left them forever until the meeting in the New Jerusalem.

This seemed to be Mr. Moody's call to the ministry of the Word. Business had no more charms for him after this fruit gathering, for

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the Master had made soul-winning paramount to all other callings. Not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the "wise in worldly wisdom only, which is foolishness with God."

The work of the Y. M. C. A. next engaged his attention and mine, as co-workers, just as we had been in the Sunday School. He was chosen president after I had served two terms, and under his administration the first Y. M. C. A. building in the world was erected. Geo. H. Stuart was invited to preside, and I had intended to christen it "Moody Hall" when the proper time came. But Moody got to his feet first and proposed with a modest speech that it be called "Farwell Hall"—one of the mistakes of his life, for without his zeal in work for young men in the noon prayer meeting and elsewhere it never would have been erected.

The lot on which it was built was laid out for a water reservoir in the rear and an office in the front, but the city grew so rapidly that it was inadequate. In process of time it became my residence, with a garden where the reservoir was intended, until the Y. M. C. A. wanted it, as a reservoir of the water of life.

A state charter, relieving the Association of taxes, was obtained, and the rise in value to nearly \$750,000 was the financial basis of the

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present Y. M. C. A. structure which is the largest and best in the world.

After the lesser buildings were destroyed by fire, the one that was torn down for the present palace had to be mortgaged for some \$80,000. Mr. Moody on his return from England raised the money to liquidate at the close of his meetings held in a tabernacle built for that special purpose. At one time that project seemed to be a failure, when J. V. Farwell and his brother C. B. Farwell proposed to erect it as the foundation of a business block and to give its use for the cost of removing the roof and galleries after the meetings were over. The committee in charge said it could not be done in time, but a week before the time was up—about sixty days—it was ready for occupancy. Mr. Moody said it was the best one he had ever spoken in. The manner and economy of its construction and the success of the meetings made it easy work for Mr. Moody to raise the money to clear the Y. M. C. A. of debt.

Another child of the North Market Mission Sunday School was the Illinois Street Church, organized by all the denominations active in Y. M. C. A. work as a union church. This is to-day the Chicago Avenue Church, commonly called "Moody's Church."

Altogether these religious enterprises were Mr. Moody's college and theological seminary, which prepared him for his work in Great

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Britain, which in turn opened the way for his wider usefulness in America, until called from labor to rest.

I should mention that the great fire was the climax which determined him to go to Great Britain. I did all I could to persuade him to stay in Chicago and help build up from the ruins of the fire along religious lines, but to no effect. So I went to his office with a check, which I knew he would need as his family was to go with him, and I found him just starting for my office with a Bagster's Bible, as his parting gift to me. It was some years before I learned that this was the only money he had for expenses. He wrote his thanks from New York in a spirit of humility that was a good basis for his coming exaltation as the Lord's servant on the other side of the ocean, to be continued in America.

At the culmination of Mr. Moody's wonderful work in London, after conducting one of the greatest revivals England had ever known, he invited me to come over and spend the last three months with him. When he left Chicago for England, he placed Major Cole at the head of his work in the Y. M. C. A. As the major was not well at the time, I invited him to go with me to England. I was soon asked if Major Cole could carry on a meeting in South London and organize a choir for Moody's Camberwell Tabernacle, then in process of erection. I did not hesitate to endorse him

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for that work, if his health would permit. He was installed, and held two meetings a day for thirty days with eminent success, at which time the choir was to leave for the Camberwell Tabernacle.

It was my great privilege to be with Mr. Moody in New York and Philadelphia in his great tabernacle meetings, before he came to Chicago, and I can truly say that my Father has done more for me through this mighty steward of His than through all other human agencies, except my mother. Before going to London, he had begun his Chicago Avenue Church and roofed over the basement. While in London, he had given the publication of his hymn books to the proprietor of "The Christian," a religious paper which had largely advertised his meetings before he came to London. This Book of Gospel Hymns became a great source of revenue to that paper, and when Moody came home the editor sent \$70,000 to complete the Chicago Avenue Church.

A committee was formed in this country, consisting of Geo. H. Stuart, W. E. Dodge and myself, to act as trustees for the funds arising out of the sale of these hymn books, which were to be used in the prosecution of evangelistic work in the United States. Finally this money was all devoted to Mr. Moody's schools in Northfield. The Moody Bible Institute was also organized for training Christian lay workers and evangelists; and

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Chicago business men furnished the money for the building.

I had, some years previously, gone into a business enterprise with the intention that my interest in it should go to this institution to the extent of \$100,000 and the interest on it, until it was paid out of the business. When my share of this enterprise was sold for \$100,000, it had previously paid some \$75,000 in interest. The Bible Institute is one of the most efficient educators of lay workers and evangelists, and no other institution that I know of makes a dollar go as far in reaching the masses with Christ's gospel as does this one. The most efficient teachers have charge of it, who have no sympathy with the higher criticism that seems to have found a place in some of our sectarian theological seminaries, as if the very powers of darkness were moved to destroy them. It is in the interest of such union schools of the prophets as the Bible Institute that no uncertain sound comes from the Gospel trumpet, when the Lord's hosts are called to battle with Satan's cohorts either as out and out wolves or as wolves in sheep's clothing, of which the latter are the most dangerous to spirituality in the church.

In carrying on the Illinois Street Church, Mr. Moody was in the habit of asking for theological seminary students to conduct the preaching services, until one of them failed to appear, when I suggested that it was providen-

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tial, and that he must take the pulpit himself. He finally consented, and from that time he was wanted every Sunday. It was then that the seminary people proposed to ordain him, as it was not complimentary to their school that a layman should usurp the place of their students. He declined the honor, as it would break their rule to ordain a man who had not been through college, otherwise than in one door and out the other. Evidently he had more power as a layman, and as such he was more welcome in union meetings, which were his ambition and delight.

As a Sunday-school man he instituted county and state conventions, which were of course union conventions. He was elected president of one at Geneva, Illinois, and complaint was made that "that Methodist Moody" should have carried off this honor. This was the highest compliment ever paid by one congregationalist to another, in the line of earnestness on the firing line. He would never take a salary as general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., as it would hamper him as a free hand. He spent all his accumulations in business in his mission work, and was discovered sleeping on benches and eating crackers and cheese in the Y. M. C. A. union prayer meeting room. It was then that I urged him again to take a salary, which he refused, on the basis that he had only one source for orders in his ministry. He never wanted for anything after

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that, and when I had just finished a block of dwellings on the North Side and his small home became too small for his family, I gave him rent free one of them, and friends furnished it in good style, including portraits of himself and wife and surprised him by introducing him to a home of his own.

It was here that the great fire found him, and only his own portrait was removed. When the fire bell rang, he was about finishing a sermon in Farwell Hall on Paul's text, "This one thing I do." No one had any idea that the whole town would burn, until the fact was upon them as a reality.

With his own home, that of the Y. M. C. A. and of his Sunday school and the Union Church all in ashes, all barriers were burned away which stood in the way of an invitation to come to England to take up evangelistic work, which had been given him before then while on a visit there. Some earnest men had measured his zeal and capacity and made the call. Only a year before he died he related in his own church an experience which probably influenced that call. He said he had been invited to preach in a large church in the North of London, by two ministers with whom he had come in contact, and it seemed to him that the sermon was a failure; but as his custom was, he invited all who wanted to become Christians to remain to a second meeting, and some five hundred rose to their feet. Thinking he had

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been misunderstood, he asked them to be seated and in a more definite way told them what he meant, and repeated the request; this time an even larger number rose, and a revival of great interest began. "Then," said Mr. Moody, "I learned afterwards, that one of the attendants reported the result of this first service to her invalid sister who said, 'I have been praying for Mr. Moody, to come to our church for a long time, and now my prayer is answered, Praise the Lord!' Here," said Mr. Moody, "was the explanation of the effect of the sermon." This was the first time I had heard Mr. Moody refer specifically to the results of his work, and here he credited the prayer of a bed-ridden saint with the result.

The two ministers who gave him this invitation to come to England repeated it with urgency when the fire occurred. They promised to introduce him to the public and to aid him in his work. When he arrived in Liverpool he learned that by a strange Providence they were both in their graves, throwing him again on the arm of God alone for guidance and help in this mission world-wide in its results, as the facts proved.

IN ENGLAND

While with Mr. Moody at the close of his campaign in London, I met some notable Englishmen. Lord Kinnaird introduced me to Mr. Gladstone and John Bright at the Parliament

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House, and through Mr. Moody I made the acquaintance of Quintin Hogg (who has just passed away) of the Polytechnic Institute, upon which he expended a fortune, every year; also of Dr. Bernardo of rescue work and the school for waifs, which began with one small house, while now he spends \$350,000 per year in that work, all of which comes to him in answer to prayer. Through Mr. Moody I also met George Mueller, of the orphans' homes, where thousands are provided for in the same way. No doubt the work of these men stimulated Mr. Moody in this special work, and may have been the initial motive force which impelled him to inaugurate his schools in Northfield and Chicago as aids to his work.

Mr. Moody had brought Henry Drummond to London to take charge of young men's meetings in a separate tent, after his sermons, and was with that remarkable man for a month in that work. Before coming home, Mr. Drummond allowed me to accompany him on a ten days' run over the mountains and glaciers of Switzerland on condition that if I could not keep up with him I was to be left where that condition arose. I had the pleasure of seeing him more tired than I was, and enjoyed the joke no more than he did. Altogether we became fast friends, and at the World's Fair in Chicago I had the pleasure of introducing him to some of our Chicago pastors at a home dinner, much to our profit and delight. Mr.

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Drummond was a rare genius, who sized up Mr. Moody at first sight, just as Mr. Moody did him.

At that time young Kinnaird, now Lord Kinnaird, and Quintin Hogg held night missions for poor boys and girls in the slums of London. Lord Kinnaird is to-day a power for good in that great city. It was my privilege to attend mission services for the poor, as well as parlor meetings in the West End, inaugurated to help Mr. Moody's meetings.

George Williams, the father of the Y. M. C. A., recently made Sir George for that service, was one of Mr. Moody's warmest supporters. Many times I lunched with him in the room of his great store, where the Y. M. C. A. was first organized, specially for his own employees, and then grew into a city organization. The Y. M. C. A. work had made Mr. Moody an evangelist, and so these two were like David and Jonathan in Christian work. Two large tabernacles, holding some fifteen thousand people each, were built for Mr. Moody, one in the East End, and one in Camberwell, and in the North of London the Agricultural Hall, holding 25,000, was used. At the last meeting held in that hall there were nearly 50,000 people on the outside who could not get in.

One remarkable conversion occurred then which made history. A rich man's son rose for prayers, and went with me from the plat-

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form into the enquiry room. I learned that he was an Eton student, and after he had accepted Christ, he asked me to get Mr. Moody to come to Windsor and talk to the students. How Mr. Moody finally spoke to the students would be a long story. As the young man was a nephew of Mr. Graham, who was on Mr. Moody's committee, and a member of Parliament, it would have seemed to be easy, but it was not. The Head Master was invited to dine with Mr. Graham, and finally it was arranged. The council chamber at Windsor was secured for the meeting, but an objection was raised in Parliament, which resulted in the young man getting the lawn of a prominent citizen, with a high brick wall around it, after the Mayor had cancelled the arrangement for the City Hall. The young man who had compassed all this was sent out of town by the Head Master the day of the meeting to keep him away from it, but he arranged a relay of horses, obeyed orders, and got back to the meeting. This incident went all over the country in the newspapers, and advertised Mr. Moody's work as objectionable to the English state church.

At the Camberwell Tabernacle meetings, Mr. Shedd, a very rich sporting man, was converted. He had invited a friend to go to the theater with him, and the friend consented, provided he would go with him to Moody's meeting the next evening. This was agreed

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to. The man was converted and his wife soon became a Christian, and also their two sons. One of them was at Oxford, where Moody had been invited to talk to the students, who had planned breaking up the meeting, but this young man, who was a leader in college sports, took the platform with Mr. Moody, and no one dared to molest the meeting. He afterwards went to China as a missionary, invested his share of a large fortune, which came to him after his father's death, in mission work, and some years ago I had the pleasure of hearing him in the Chicago Y. M. C. A. give an account of his work. The other son is one of the late Quintin Hogg's right-hand men in the management of his Polytechnic Institute.

I took the time for a trip to Glasgow, Edinburgh and Manchester, to see the result of Mr. Moody's work, and found all three cities alive with Christian activity.

I was asked to give some account of Mr. Moody's work in America, in the General Assembly rooms at Edinburgh. At the close, the janitor who was a converted infidel under Mr. Moody's preaching, came to me, and said "Weel, my brither, why did ye nae speak of Mr. Moody's Master instead of him?" In Glasgow there was an immense tent on the green, where bread and coffee was served before the sermon every Sunday, and every day the noon meeting found a large church full.

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In Manchester the work was going forward in the Y. M. C. A. and elsewhere, and it was also urged upon me to speak in both these places. At the closing meeting in Liverpool, before sailing, the large hall was crowded, and it was there that coffee houses, to take the place of saloons, were organized at Mr. Moody's suggestion, he securing stock subscriptions for that purpose after he had proposed it. The houses are still in existence on a paying basis.

The scene on the departure of our steamer was an index of the impression that Mr. Moody left behind him, after years of faithful work in Great Britain. It was evident that the Man of Calvary had led him to give up his own business, and take up one that was to move multitudes to a better life than one of selfishness, and that he was a living example of what the Lord can do with one fully consecrated man.

Moody's work in the United States before he went abroad had established his reputation as an evangelist with extraordinary powers. The churches in Chicago that participated in the organization of his Union Church were glad to have him in their pulpit. Dr. Patterson, the nestor of Presbyterianism in Chicago, invited him to his pulpit with "Long John" Wentworth, the Mayor of Chicago, for a listener. This led the latter to lend financial aid to Moody's work, and when his hip was fractured by an accident, Mr. Moody essayed to

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be his comforter while he was confined to his room at the Tremont House.

Mr. Moody's work in England had added immensely to his reputation as a unifier of religious efforts to reach the unchurched masses. Philadelphia, New York and Boston first drew on his ability in that line. The Pennsylvania railroad depot was made into an immense tabernacle in Philadelphia, through the influence of John Wanamaker, who had bought it for a mammoth store, and so turned it first into a bank of circulation for the true riches.

New York utilized a mammoth building near the Fifth Avenue Hotel for the same purpose, and while these were making inroads on sectarian individuality in religious work for God's poor, as well as God's rich people, Chicago was planning a like campaign in due time. At first it seemed a little doubtful for success, as some of the ministers were opposed to it, but finally the very man who had set the ball rolling against it made the motion in a ministers' meeting, called for that purpose, to build a tabernacle and invite Mr. Moody to finish his remarkable tour where it began.

The great revival of 1857-58 was now revealing God's plan of union effort, as opposed to sectarian rivalry for individual pre-eminence among branches of the same church, by means of a consecrated layman. Christ had surely laid His hands on him and he had received the Holy Ghost and had begun in his own home,

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and then gone to the strongest nation on earth, and men of all creeds had seen what God could do with a brand plucked out of the burning to convert those who had received the Gospel from Rome and were still trusting too much in human creeds and human bishops in a state church. It did not take our Lord very long to teach the English people that a man baptized with the Holy Ghost could lead them all into a Christian unity in the bonds of peace, that could shake the very powers of darkness entrenched in forms and ceremonies as old as Rome's apostacy.

One of the notable incidents of Mr. Moody's English campaign was when a company of ministers from all over Great Britain gathered, at his invitation, in a gentleman's drawing room in London to sit at his feet, while he posed as sitting at their feet, asking them biblical questions with this preface: "I have invited you here as graduates of colleges and theological seminaries, to learn from you, and I give you notice that as I never had such privileges, I expect to use what you can give me in my work here and elsewhere."

I may not have given the exact words, but I have given the sense of his preface. Not only ministers, but the Lord High Chancellor of England sat at his feet, while Lord Shaftsbury and Mr. Gladstone attended his services in London. Mr. Gladstone said to him, after speaking to 25,000 people in the Agricultural

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Hall, "I wish I had your voice." Moody replied, "I wish I had your head." All he wanted that for was to use it for Jesus Christ instead of in parliamentary debates. As such minds as Gladstone's generally choose the latter, God was obliged to use the comparatively weak things to confound the mighty. And when He does, such men bow in reverence to God's servant equipped from His storehouse of infinite knowledge, as well as infinite love.

Let no one suppose, however, that Mr. Moody was a weak man. He had mind and executive ability to make a President of the United States, but he chose a much higher calling, representing Jesus Christ in His chosen work of seeking and saving the lost, through human agencies. Kings and emperors cannot compare with him in the reckonings of eternal wisdom in the choice of an occupation in preparation for eternal companionship with the King of Kings. The reckonings of time will sink into insignificance when men stand before the judgment seat of the King of Kings for the ultimate judgment on human activities in this world, which will be final and conclusive as to men's choices in this life.

Mr. Moody's portrait hangs over me as I write these lines, to quicken my memory of the past. What his ministry in the future will be, born of the past—for he, "being dead, yet speaketh"—no one but God can tell. But

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of this we may be sure; that no king that ever lived but will be glad to change places with him when the King of Kings shall marshal temporal rulers to be judged "according to their works." Things seen and temporal, which now enchain human intellects and ambitions, will all be in a buried past, while the things unseen and eternal, which of choice claimed Moody's mind and heart, will then just begin their eternal development. He chose first the eternal rather than the temporal things, having an inner vision of what God has reserved for His chosen ones, which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive, because they are beyond a limited intellectual power to imagine. "Have faith in God" is our earthly introduction to Him.

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE Y. M. C. A., 1876.

"In presenting our Eighteenth Annual Report, all who are conversant with the history of our Association cannot but be impressed with one central fact, around which all others gather, like the rich, ripe clusters, clinging to the one vine, of which the Father is the husbandman, and that is, that the Husbandman has dug about and pruned this vine, until its fruitage is more than its most sanguine friends ever anticipated.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity" may well be said of this organization. While the ma-

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terial fire has twice reduced her local habitation to ashes, and the hot flames of opposition have shot out their forked tongues of hate, she has not forgotten her royal Master's earthly career. Nor has that Prince of the Kings of the earth forgotten her. The reports of the several committees give ample proof of these facts. He would not be true to His precious promises, given during that wonderful career, if His blessing had not been with His church, against which He has said the gates of hell shall not prevail, in this their united efforts to extend its usefulness.

All branches of the one church can point to some of their individual members who have been greatly benefited by their connection with the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, and have been made more a blessing to their own church. Were this not the result, I, for one, would lose my interest in them.

Rounding out of Christian character should be the end of all appliances of the Church, and if there is any field where, in the present age of skepticism and infidelity, it needs to be fully developed, it is in the cultivation of the spirit of union, to the fruit-bearing point. No amount of theoretical attainment in reference to this essential thing in Christ's body will satisfy Christ, "the Head," or even a carping world.

This work the Young Men's Christian Associations are doing. How well they are doing

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it may be perceived, specially, in the wonderful revival of God's work in the hearts of men and women in the Church, as seen in England and America the past three years; and also in the natural results of such a revival—the world believing that God has sent His son to save them, and that by thousands. Revivals there have been of wonderful power in the past, but in these last times the church has massed her forces, just when the Malakoffs of rationalism were defying the armies of Israel, and the Captain of the Lord's Host, with the drawn sword of a united church, has led on his one army to signal victory.

Let us learn from this one great fact of this age, and not spend our strength foolishly in trying to explain away one of God's mile-posts in the wilderness journey of Christ's blood-bought church. Let me say to one and all: Look calmly at the facts of history in connection with Association work among the churches. See for yourselves, not through the green goggles of sectarian jealousy, but through the crystal light of the "white stone," upon which is graven the name of each one "that overcometh." Take note as individual members of the one church in the battle of life, and then close up the broken ranks so closely, wherever the church or the world may see any real points of separation, that none from above or beneath may justly charge God's people with folly in their visible relations

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with each other in the common work of saving souls.

This Association has only begun its career of usefulness, if the churches of Chicago shall continue to smile upon and second its efforts. The field is not Chicago alone. This great center of human influence may not confine her light to the corporation map. It must extend far and wide, into the regions beyond. How important, then, that our trumpet give no uncertain sound, either for the gathering or the moving of the Lord's hosts. As there was only one tabernacle of old, into which all the tribes gathered, so now there is only one true tabernacle, and the Lord pitched that on Calvary. "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved." A look at the Crucified One should melt all hearts into one mold for His work on earth, left to our hands from that central point in the world's history.

For forty years it has been my great privilege to encourage union evangelistic meetings, in every possible way, and, therefore, I have no hesitation in saying that they have been of very great benefit to me personally, and to the churches who have encouraged and maintained them, with whom it was my privilege to co-operate.

THE PASSING OF FARWELL HALL

With the removal of the old Farwell building, at 148 Madison Street, to make room for a

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modern office building, the last vestige of Farwell Hall, one of the most interesting of Chicago's historical structures, passes from view. About no other building in the city, perhaps, cluster so many associations which include alike the religious, social and political life of Chicago, as the building which is just now being demolished. For years this building was the headquarters of activities innumerable, and the influences which went out from the great center were potent factors in the moral and material upbuilding of the western metropolis.

Farwell Hall was the first building erected for the exclusive use of the Young Men's Christian Association in the world. It was just after the fearful Black Friday of 1857, when the country was shaken to its foundations by the financial crash, that the people turned in their tribulations to the consolations of religion and swelled into a mighty force the "revival" of 1857-58. It was at this time that, at a little prayer meeting held in Chicago, the work of the Young Men's Christian Association began in the West, and it was determined then and there that a suitable building for the carrying forward of the work should be erected. But that decision was a long time reaching complete materialization. It was not until 1867 that the first Farwell Hall was built. The site was one that years before had been bought by the city for use as a reservoir for its water supply. But young Chicago, like

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its more mature self, grew so rapidly that by the time the purchase had been completed, the site was found to be too small for the city, which had sprung so suddenly into a metropolis, and so it was never used for the purpose. But the thrifty sheriff of Cook county, whose home was on the site of the Madison Street front, put the vacant space in the rear to good use as a vegetable garden. Then, after a time, the property fell into the ownership of John V. Farwell, and in 1866 or 1867 he presented the lot to the Young Men's Christian Association, which, under the direction of Dwight L. Moody, had become a power for good in the community, but was sadly in need of large accommodations. September 19, 1867, the first Farwell Hall was dedicated with imposing ceremonies, as befitted the inauguration of a work destined to become one of the most important in the world's religious life. But the hopes of the founders were doomed to grievous disappointment, for January 7, 1868, the building was burned to the ground. However, the building was immediately rebuilt, and a little more than a year after its destruction the new structure was dedicated, January 19, 1869. Our citizens' faithful adherence to the cause was shown by the generous gift to the enterprise of \$60,000 in addition to the valuable lot.

For two years the work of the Association was carried forward in the large, and, for that

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day, splendidly equipped building. Then the all-destroying fire of October 9, 1871, swept the structure out of existence, and during the three years of hardship and doubt and uncertainty that followed, the Association was left without a permanent home of its own. In November, 1874, the new Farwell Hall, larger and better than its predecessors, was dedicated and for the twenty years in which the Association grew to its present size and great importance, was its home. This is the building whose demolition was completed in 1892.

Among the men whose names were in those days most prominently connected with the hall and the Association work were Cyrus Bentley, Dwight L. Moody, George Armour C. H. McCormick, Sr., B. F. Jacobs, Orrington Lunt, T. W. Harvey, Dr. Hollister, and J. V. Farwell. The hall was the assembly place for people interested in movements of all kinds, and the great concerts of the time were given there. The Apollo Club gave some of its very first concerts there. Ole Bull, the violinist, appeared there when he was making his triumphal tour across the continent. There the late George F. Root gave a great war-song concert that stirred the people as they were never stirred before, and the Welsh eisteddfods were always held in Farwell Hall.

Lectures and readings were given here without number. Henry Ward Beecher, T. DeWitt Talmage and scores of men famous on

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the rostrum ; Francis Murphy, Col. Geo. Bain, Dr. Henry Reynolds, founder of the Red Ribbon movement ; Frances E. Willard, and the leaders of the temperance crusade lectured here or spoke to enthusiastic followers. Charlotte Cushman was one of the great women of the stage whose presence graced the place and whose splendid declamation filled her hearers. Fred Douglass made some of his most impassioned addresses in Farwell Hall, and Sam Jones and George Francis Train spoke to notable assemblies within its walls.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and many of the famous women of the past twenty years met their devoted followers here, and here was founded the most important section of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The scheme for an International Sunday School Lesson was originated by Bishop Simpson here. It was headquarters for the Chicago Relief and Aid Society, and for years the Chicago Bar Association held its sessions in Farwell Hall.

In the early days of the Salvation Army work in America, General Booth spoke in Farwell Hall, and told the story of his life and work in Great Britain and Europe, and of his plans and hopes for the United States.

In the celebrated campaign of 1878 General Garfield spoke for his party, and Solon Chase, of Maine, he of the famous steers, explained the greenback movement to an

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audience which at one time threatened to turn into a mob. James G. Blaine addressed Chicago audiences in that campaign, but the crowd was too great for Farwell Hall, and he was taken to the old tabernacle on Monroe Street, where "Black Jack" Logan presided over the assemblage.

But it is as a religious center that Farwell Hall will longest live in the memory of the people. The noon-day prayer meetings which were held in the large room on the ground floor, facing on Arcade Court, were the largest in point of attendance and the most enthusiastic in spirit ever held in the country. The names of Moody and Sankey, and Whipple and Bliss—what a flood of associations these suggest—and one cannot think of them without recalling the work done by these devoted men within the walls of this historic structure.

Then, too, the peculiar nature of many of the religious gatherings made an interesting page in Chicago's history. It was in Farwell Hall that a religious gathering of all the pugilists, gamblers, and toughs in town was held. The crowd, attracted by the announcement that Ben. Hogan, the converted prizefighter, would address his former associates, was something tremendous. Short hairs were out in full force. By some strange fatality an English lord had been secured to preside over this motley throng. While the English lord was addressing them, the toughs geyed him, or kept on talking among

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themselves, as though such a being as his lordship were not in existence. Powerless, the sprig of gentility gave it up and introduced Ben Hogan. Silence was instantaneous from the moment Ben began to talk, and until his address, wonderfully powerful and affecting, was ended, it reigned complete; a tribute to his sincerity and ability which could not have been paid in any other way.

Dr. Andrew Bonar, of Scotland; George Mueller, of the Bristol, England, Orphanage; Dr. W. P. Mackay, of Hull, England, the author of "Grace and Truth"; Rev. Marcus Rainsford, of England, father of the well-known Episcopalian clergyman of New York; and Henry Moorehouse, the "boy preacher," were among the famous men who spoke to willing ears in Farwell Hall.

The name of D. L. Moody is associated in a countless number of ways with Farwell Hall. And there it was that the large opportunities for evangelical work opened before him. The friendship which existed between himself and John V. Farwell was a moving cause for the latter's great interest and substantial assistance in the work of the Association, whose firm establishment in the West owes much to Mr. Moody.

LAST MEETING IN FARWELL HALL

(Quoted)

May 7, 1892, President John V. Farwell, Jr., in a short address before the Y. M. C. A. of

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Chicago, referred to the series of events that led up to the farewell meeting. "Three years ago," he said, "this Association became infused with what is known in the East as Chicago spirit, and it was decided that we must have a new and better building. After looking around considerably the site problem was solved with the purchase of the Andrews building. About that time Mr. John Crerar died and bequeathed us \$50,000. That gave us new confidence. Two other gentlemen subscribed \$25,000 each, and many others gave smaller sums. While we have not money enough to complete our enterprise, we have enough to begin operations on. To-night we have met to bid good-bye to our old friend, this building."

The Hon. J. V. Farwell was then introduced and spoke entertainingly of the past of the Association. He said: "We are here for both a burial and a preliminary resurrection service, and to me is given the sad duty of burying the dead, even though it be in Joseph's tomb, to come forth again for a grander and better work. It was a singular providence that the ground on which this building stands—that we are about to bury—was platted in the form it was for a reservoir and office of the first Chicago water works, but before it was used the city had grown so rapidly that it was too small for the purpose—just like everything else in Chicago—until another strange providence laid the city in ashes, and said to us all, 'Build

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now for the future—you have a clean sheet.' The water company sold out and what was to have been a fountain reservoir of lake water for Chicago became a garden for the sheriff, while the Madison Street office lot was used for his residence.

"Another kind providence made me the owner of this house and garden and the present president of the Y. M. C. A. was born there, shall I say as a child of providence? These premises in time became too small for my use also, and another kind providence made them the property of the Y. M. C. A., and thus, from this spot, the water of life has been flowing—not only for Chicago, but to the ends of the earth—from that time to this, and it has also been a garden from which many of God's own have been fed with the bread that came down from heaven. Can any one doubt the fact that the Young Men's Christian Association is a child of Providence, especially since it was born again in the great revival of 1857-58? Before that time it was an association mostly of fathers, organized to care for young men who were coming in crowds to this then attractive business center, and had no homes except boarding houses.

"I was one of these young men, and when this Association was re-organized, mostly with young men converted in that revival, I became a member, and made the acquaintance of D. L. Moody, who was the main link in the chain

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of providence that made this first building in the world for Y. M. C. A. work possible. The needs of such a building were first urged upon the Association by him, and then, as now, what he wanted was a prophecy of what was to be.

“The building came in due time, and was burned down soon after. Another quickly rose upon its ruins, and the ‘water of life’ and ‘the bread of heaven’ was again dispensed with the blessing of Him who feeds the multitudes who are without a shepherd. The great fire of 1872-7 again laid it in ruins. While the fire was burning that leveled the city Mr. Moody was preaching in this building from this text: ‘This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press forward toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ.’

“By dint of indomitable Chicago energy, and God’s blessing, the present building was erected because Chicago, like it, has grown too small for your use. Mr. Moody then went to England for his first missionary tour, the preparation for which, he himself says, came to him largely through the work of this Association.

“On his return to this country, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago built him great tabernacles, in which he preached the gospel to unnumbered thousands, and thus he ‘gathered up twelve baskets full of fragments,’ from the bread that was broken here, under the

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blessing of the Master. At the conclusion of his work in the Chicago tabernacle, our liberal business men who had built it as a thank-offering for such a man, for such a work, paid the debt which two baptisms of fire had left on the building we are about to bury, and thus made the Association a free agent to ask for yearly contributions, not to pay debts, but to carry the Water of Life to our young men, through all these years up to the present time. The work has grown so rapidly that a new building—the largest and best in the world—is soon to crown the liberal thought and deed of Chicago's most liberal citizens. But I must not trench on the resurrection part of this service, and I, therefore, gladly yield to the one who performs that part, simply saying in conclusion that when the first meeting was held to consider a new and appropriate building for your work, I said, "It will be much easier now to raise the money for a twelve-story first-class building than it was to build the first one. This Association has done a work that commends it to the thoughtful people of our city, and they will now build you a building worthy of themselves, because you deserve it.' "

REMINISCENCE DAY AT MOODY'S CHURCH.

We are met not to celebrate the discovery of America by Columbus, but the discov-

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ery of Dwight L. Moody by the Lord Jesus, through the agency of this Sunday School, which was first established in the North Market Hall—then the police headquarters for the northern portion of our city—as an agency to convert spears into pruning hooks. Four hundred years have borne witness to the importance of Columbus' discovery, and a little more than thirty years have testified to the magnitude of this school's work in training one godly man for the business of training a host of others, in turning the world upside down, which has been decidedly wrongside up since Adam's disobedience. The Master first began this work in earnest, with little encouragement from other men, who little knew then what would come of it. Before my mind's eye there appeared a hungry multitude following Him, and spell-bound "by the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth," and He said, I have compassion on the multitudes because they have now been with me three days and have nothing to eat. And, to prove His disciples He asked, "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" Andrew answered: "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are these among so many?" The Master blessed these and gave to the disciples, and they to the multitudes, and the record is "they did all eat and were filled, and twelve baskets full of fragments were gathered up of what remained."

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Other scenes press upon me this afternoon in this presence; other hungry multitudes, upon which the Master was looking from the battlements of heaven, and another lad with five loaves and two little fishes was here to offer himself and all he had that they might be filled, when this Sunday School was organized in the North Market Hall in this city that Dwight L. Moody might there get a training that should fit him to lead the flock of God as a cosmopolitan shepherd from Chicago to London.

I remember the first sermon he consented, after urgent appeals, to preach to a little gathering in the Illinois Street School building in the place of a theological student who failed him. This was after years of recruiting service at the hall. He had "tarried at Jerusalem until he was endued with power from on high," and from that time on, until I heard him preach to 25,000 people in Agricultural Hall, in London, with more than 25,000 outside who could not get in, this first graduate of this school of the prophets has had his little stock increased until he is wanted wherever hungry men can appreciate Him who has compassion on the multitude, because he feeds them with the bread which came down from heaven, and not upon the husks of our unsanctified worldly wisdom "not mixed with the sincere milk of the world."

The crying needs of the poor in this great city was the inspiration—from a human stand-

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point—of his training for his great work; but more than that, he learned the command, "Give ye them to eat," and his pentecostal preparation followed obedience in the use of what he had, which seemed so small to him that he had to be urged to speak to only a handful of hearers. Would to God that this object lesson of loyalty to God with what one has, and its results, could be photographed upon the mind of every young man who aspires to the office of under-shepherd to Him who gave His life for the sheep.

But this is only what we have seen. What shall we see of what is to come from this church and Sunday School, and from the schools at Northfield; and last, but not least, from the gospel training school for men and women which joins this church, which has occupied the head and heart of Mr. Moody for more than a quarter of a century; that here, where there is so much need, there might be built up an institution that would furnish agencies far more efficient than our police force to make our city not only safe to dwell in, but the abode of honest thrift, reinforced by the wide diffusion among the masses of the religion of the Galilean carpenter, for which this training school is especially intended and adapted. The work done by its students in this the last year is only an earnest of what is to come, and I trust every one who loves God and this city will send for reports of this work,

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and become its prayerful and financial supporter; for most certainly no heartfelt and financial investment for the spread of the Gospel among those who are destitute of its teachings will bring such large results. Another outgrowth of this Sunday School is Y. M. C. A. work. The Chicago Association was the first to build a building for its use, which could not have been done but for the energy and tact of Mr. Moody in making the Association an aggressive agent for the good of young men. This one building as an example has been followed by the most appropriate structures in almost every principal town of Great Britain and America, and, as a result, sectarian controversies have been reduced to a minimum, and the practical unity of the Christian church better exemplified than ever before in its history. These agencies, one and all, as the legitimate outgrowth of this Sunday School, through Jesus Christ's co-operation with its indomitable originator, will go on making discoveries of living men and women, who will, as co-workers and successors, continue to sow the good seed of the Kingdom until the Great Reaper shall gather in the harvest, and say to them all, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Letters from Abroad

C. H. SPURGEON

LONDON, April 17, 1888.

TO THE EDITOR CHICAGO INTER OCEAN:

YOU have kindly allowed your readers to see some phases of England, as shown in Christian work for such as have no cathedral stalls or chapel pews, well cushioned, as a part of their worldly possessions.

Perhaps no name in religious annals will shine brighter than that of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, as a leader in practical work for the millions outside of the higher circles in England, when the focused light of eternity shall reveal results. Just now he is emerging from a conflict with so-called "Broad Church" ideas, in his own denomination, growing out of his "down grade" statements of the present tendency of religious thought; and it has extended to all denominations in the severe criticisms which his "down grade" article has evoked.

Some of his financial supporters in the past have in consequence withheld their pounds, shillings, and pence from the treasury of his varied works, thinking, perhaps, that they were near relations of Spurgeon's Master, and that, therefore, his exchequer would want for funds,

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and this grand old servant of the King pass under a cloud in his old age, as "too narrow for this nineteenth century of progress."

These criticisms have only made him more firm in the truth as he sees it in God's Word, and the recent annual reunion of his college students and friends was made the occasion for a testimonial to his fidelity of a substantial kind. Faithful ambassadors of the truth, sent out from this institution, come from all over the kingdom and the islands of the sea, were there to tell that "the spirits were subject to them"—as their testimony amply proved—and each gave their alma mater due honor for sharpening their tools for such work. But when the president said that from all denominations of Christians he had received as sincere sympathy as from his own, and then added that he hoped the discussion over "down grade" would end in a more substantial union of all Bible Christians, a chord was struck that I hope will vibrate with the music of the 17th chapter of John, until the word schism will have to be marked obsolete in all Christian dictionaries, and unity in diversity, such as we have seen in the first twelve disciples of our Lord, becomes a landmark of Christian progress. His training college was instituted, in the words of its founder, "to give further instruction to young men who have already proved themselves to be efficient preachers." It has existed as a school of the prophets for

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thirty-two years, and has sent out 762 young men, with weapons sharpened in its classes for the conflict against sin.

May its shadow never grow less, and may its president live long to see and enjoy the fruits of his heaven-born work still to be done in the name of the King, as it has been in the past.

As indicating one kind of training in practical work, only incidental to their studies, through which these young men went, this year's report says: "In apostolic order our brethren have gone forth in pairs, and have thus mutually encouraged each other in the work. During the year our brethren have worked forty-seven districts, visited 2,121 houses, 3,777 families, and distributed 4,027 sermons, and again and again their hearts have been cheered by the warm welcome given them, and the readiness with which the sermons have been received. There is abundant evidence to show that in the hearts of the common people the name of our president is revered and treasured. The visitor himself derives much good. Experience gained by intercourse with a vast variety of characters and dispositions is most valuable; a knowledge of human nature is thus obtained which could be acquired nowhere else." Would not our own theological seminaries everywhere do well to copy this professorship in educating young men for the ministry? "The common

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people" are the vast majority, which the church is organized to reach with the gospel of "Grace and Truth" which comes "by Jesus Christ," its founder, who took twelve men from the common people and only one from the feet of Gamaliel, the great theological teacher of that day, as a beginning in sending forth ministers to disciple the world. Even that one he had to convert with a thunderbolt before he was even fit for training, and then sent him to a layman in Damascus to have his eyes opened before going on a foreign mission to the Arabs, as his first training to be the great apostle of the Gentiles; and his success may be attributed, from the human side, to his becoming "all things to all men, that he might by all means save some" by preaching Christ and His Word as the great lever to move rich and poor alike. Peter, the fisherman, and Paul, Gamaliel's pupil, were both used as preachers, not because they were or were not graduates of any particular human school of theology, but because their call and commission were signed and sealed on Calvary and delivered to them on some day of Pentecost, when the Fire of God made them red-hot for the truth, just as all men, in all ages of the church, have been commissioned, and then found acceptance with God and men as religious teachers. Pauls and Peters, Luthers, Melanchthons, Wesleys and Whitfields, Spurgeons and Moodys, are al-

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ways in the apostolic succession, no matter what divisions of the grand army they may lead, and always have something more than creeds to endorse their calls to the ministry. We cannot go far wrong in adopting the methods and principles of any men in any business who are eminently successful in their work; and any man, who, like Spurgeon, has delivered more than two thousand sermons that have been, or will be, printed and read by millions, may well challenge the world of preachers of the present day, as well as those who are to come after him, by precept as well as example. Let them "preach the Word," if they would share with him the honors of successful preaching.

KNOX AND CHALMERS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

EDINBURGH, August 4, 1889.

After visiting Holyrood, the castle, and the Forth Bridge yesterday, I found myself to-day looking for other voices from the dead past and the living present than those which find their inspirations uninfluenced by "the despised Nazarene," and my feet in such a search naturally tended towards the John Knox Memorial Church, built adjoining his residence, and not far from the place where that great apostle of Scotland lies buried.

On entering the church, your eyes are greeted with the names of Knox and Chalmers

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in the stained glass windows on either side of the pulpit. It was said of the first martyr, "being dead He yet speaketh." Knox and Chalmers were not martyrs, but of no two men can this be more truthfully spoken. "Give me Scotland, or I die," finds an answer to an importunate prayer in every true Christian heart in Scotland, and there are thousands of them, like their great leader, ready for service or sacrifice upon the altar of a pure religion.

Coming up the streets of Edinburgh yesterday, a uniformed company of boys met us, apparently the picture of contentment. On asking what these boys represented I found they were a detachment of Chalmers' "ragged schools." He has been dead forty-two years, and Knox over three hundred, but their clear voices yet ring out over these green hills and lawns like marriage bells, and this Memorial Church is the sounding-board which helps to carry them to the end of the earth, as well as all over Scotland. The tales of blood which Holyrood and Edinburgh Castle bear upon their walls also speak, but what a contrast in the sound of their voices in the ears of the living men of to-day. Who would not rather be a Knox or a Chalmers or one of their earnest following as they followed our Master, even if they found a Covenanter's untimely grave, than be the proudest monarch that ever graced the halls of either of those palaces? "Mons Meg" was the monitor of these, while the

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“sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God,” was the weapon of Knox and Chalmers, “and their works do follow them,” ay, “blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.” They never want for monuments that speak to the living, from the same sublime pedestal of eternal truth, whose base is the “great white throne.”

I was anxious to hear a minister, standing between the names of Knox and Chalmers, and so I entered this Memorial Church—and was most agreeably fed—not amused—by a free exposition of the twenty-third chapter of Jeremiah, and of the first chapter of John’s gospel, the first being a denunciation of false prophets, feeding the sheep on their own thoughts, rather than the word of the Lord, and the second a clear exposition of the Good Shepherd’s manner of finding His people—making the twelfth and thirteenth verses the marrow of his discourse—the object being to direct attention first to the fact that faithful pastors preach the word of the Lord and not their own thoughts, and then to show us the way of salvation, as spoken by Christ’s beloved disciple about his Master: “To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God.”

The twelfth verse, without the thirteenth, would mislead a disciple to think that his faith had done the work of making him a true son of God, but the thirteenth verse reduces human

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effort to a minimum, and shows that it is God who works in the true believer to make him a son. He illustrated these two verses with Peter's experience in walking on the water to go to Jesus. Faith gave him a good start, but it was only when he said, "Lord, save or I perish," that he was safe from the perils of an over-confident self-trust, or a faltering faith in his Master. He made it very clear that a spiritual birth was God's work in the soul of man. Knox and Chalmers must have said "amen" to every word he said, if their spirits were to record their approval of one, who at least gave the people the word of God instead of his own for their spiritual food.

Far be it from me to criticize the Lord's under-shepherds. May He lead them all "to preach His word," so they can say, like Paul, when done with their work, "I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God." In the hands of such men His word shall be like fire, like a hammer in the hands of a skillful workman.

Ruined castles are all over England and Scotland, reared to gratify human ambition for wordly power. They have gone to decay, while "the word of the Lord," as preached by John Knox, has been—silently—like fire and hammer—building up an individual and national character on a Christian basis, until men quietly put \$15,000,000 into one bridge over a natural barrier to make easy communi-

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cation between sections which in early times had their castles to prevent such communications with each other. The John Knox Memorial Church and the Forth Bridge of to-day (one of the greatest feats of engineering skill and human business pluck on earth) are in the pedigree of human progress—one the pioneer, the other the full-grown physical representation of the power of the gospel of Christ to unify the feudal factions of a discordant humanity and make them help and not murder each other.

LONDON, August 8, 1885.

To-day Brother Jonathan is in mourning, from New Orleans to New York, from Florida to Oregon—because the man who made peace in that family, at the cost of more human lives than any war of conquest that has made Europe red with blood, has had to obey that summons which gathers all nations into the last muster roll. The value of his services in giving peace to a great nation, rent with civil war, at such a cost, is yet only dimly seen in the emblems of mourning in the Confederate South to commemorate his death.

Only Grant, as a soldier, could balance in the scales of future history for America the value of a safe and united government for a great continent like ours. The lives and treasures that were sacrificed to obtain this grand object were to him a trifle compared with

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the object gained. Other men—generals in the army and private citizens—looked the price in the face and said, in words and in hesitation, “Let our erring brethren go in peace,” and armed hundreds of thousands only asked for that privilege; but General Grant’s answer to that request was, “Unconditional surrender; I propose to move immediately on your works.”

It is a happy omen, indeed, that the Confederate general who had to yield to this persuasive language was one of the pall-bearers to carry General Grant gently to his last resting place, and that the crêpe hangs alike from Northern and Southern homes, again united without a jarring element in all their material interests to again threaten the unity and integrity of a government and a country destined to eclipse all others in the grandeur of their onward march. Old England, who once spilt the blood of her best sons to keep America under the Union Jack, has spelled out the great meaning of this amity of feeling, North and South, in our country—and seeing even better than we now can the value of it—opens for the first time in her history Westminster Abbey to commemorate the death of a foreign general.

General Grant, because of the value of his services to the world, as well as to America, in saving the Union, has his name enrolled among England’s great men. If we weep at the

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same grave, surely we shall rejoice around the same board over our common victories of peace. Politically, both parties were represented at this ceremony. Gladstone, the "grand old man" of the Liberals was there. The Conservative leaders were there, and none could distinguish English and Americans except by the seat set aside for each in the great throng which gathered to do honor to the memory of America's great soldier.

The commemoration of one of the great victories of peace for both nations occurred this week also, under the auspices of Cyrus W. Field of New York, with a grand dinner, in celebration of the anniversary of the successful union of England and America by means of the Atlantic cable. The whole thing was conceived and executed by Mr. Field with a view to showing off to the best advantage the real good feeling which is now existing between these two great countries. Senator Hawley and the Lord Mayor of London were peculiarly happy in their recognition of the importance as well as the fact of such relations.

I was proud of these Americans abroad — using their privileges to celebrate a great commercial fact of such importance, especially to Great Britain and the United States, on these lines. Their shadows will never grow less upon other countries while they vie with each in cultivating every opportunity to express a common interest in each other's progress through

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their great and successful men, who are the bone and sinew of all governments whose object is to conserve the best interests of their own people, and by so doing exert a powerful influence upon other nations in the same direction. "Government by the people and for the people" will never fade from the earth if England and America join hands in giving an example to the world of the best results of a wise administration of such a government.

General Grant—peace to his ashes and all honor to his memory for having fixed the apex of our governmental pyramid in a permanent union of all the states, cemented with the blood of their best sons. England and America—united by every argument of material interests, as well as by electric wire of a common language and a common literature—may their moral and physical powers be united to give peace to all mankind and in all their future history.

THE WORLD'S Y. M. C. A.

THE STOCKHOLM CONVENTION

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

BERLIN, August 22, 1888.

THE CHICAGO INTER OCEAN:

It may not be known to your readers that the King of Sweden at the last world's convention invited the next one to convene at Stockholm in 1888. Such is the fact. It may not be known in Chicago that Carter H.

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Harrison, mayor of Chicago, arranged his trip around the world to be there at the opening. From these two facts your readers will at one realize the importance of this gathering.

You will see at a glance that Chicago's great mayor has designs upon this planet identical with the Y. M. C. A. The beginning of Prussia's greatness as a power began when Frederick gained a victory over the Swedes nearly two hundred years ago, and now she seems to be the arbiter of the peace of Europe. Carter Harrison, having with the assistance of the Y. M. C. A., conquered the King of Sweden by love, instead of the sword, indicates him as a candidate for president of the Chicago Y. M. C. A., and that the dove of peace and purity is soon to hover over all lands. At all events, no one could have seen our ex-mayor benignantly looking down from the gallery of one of the largest churches in Sweden upon this gathering of young men, from Australia to Russia, to consider ways and means for bringing young men into one army for the conquest of the world, under the banner of the cross, without wishing that he was really a leader in that army.

The personnel of this convention ranged from the presiding officer, the archbishop of Upsala, with Count Bernstorff, from Berlin, and other notables to assist, to a quiet layman from Spain, who is now under an indictment and fine, and waiting imprisonment on his return, for not

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bowing to the host as it was borne through the streets of one of the little provincial towns of his once great nation. Let Irishmen in America make a note of this, and thank God that they live under a Protestant government, where they can worship God as they please without molestation, and that our country has more religious and civil liberty, and more Young Men's Christian Association members than all the world besides. Ireland was represented by a warm-hearted typical Irishman, who believes in such liberty, and in such associations. He invited the next convention of English associations to come to his country for their National Council. John Bull was there to cheer him to the echo, in token that all under the banner of love see eye to eye, and act heart to heart, and hand to hand.

The church where the convention was held was built by a favorite pastor of the state church, by permission of the king, and is crowded with hearers because it is practically a free church, with a free gospel in its purity, stripped of all the unnecessary forms and ceremonies, which, alas, in many state churches in other parts of the world, as well as Sweden, compose too much of the service.

When the king was in great trouble, not long since, fearing that a surgical operation would cause the death of the queen, he called his pastor to the palace to pray for a successful issue before the surgeons began, and after

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the operation to render thanks for a gracious answer to the prayer, while the court ministers and prominent state officials listened with tearful eyes to the story of answered prayer. Is it any wonder that the king and queen are earnest Christians, or that he should invite this body of believers from all lands to meet in his capital, and give them a reception at his palace, as the closing act in this world's convention of Christian young men? Would God that all of this world's kings could realize the power of prayer, and turn their swords into plowshares of peace and plenty, and let Him whose right it is command all armies with the musical language of love. It was a most interesting sight to see that learned and good bishop of one state church presiding over the deliberations of the convention, and interpreting its many languages for all, so that by one man a babel of tongues was melted into the hearts of all. It reminded me of another gathering, when devout men of all nations heard the wonderful works of God from unlearned fishermen, "every one in his own tongue." Aye, and of another in the future, when the Master Himself will interpret every Christian act to His own followers, with "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Such are the real, wonderful works of God, because they reunite the whole family of God, whose distinctions will only ap-

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pear to denote the character and amplitude of such works of self-denial for Christ's sake, in doing good to others. One member said to me: "I could not understand the words, but the eye and voice spoke to me that they were my brothers in Christ."

A little more than twenty years ago, in Chicago, the sectarian side of Christian dogmatism fought the organization of Young Men's Christian Associations as detrimental to the work of the churches, and ministers of the Gospel of the Grace of God were the leaders of this opposition. Now, these associations are numbered by thousands all over the Christian world, and millions of money have gone into permanent homes for them, while other millions are annually expended in the prosecution of their work for young men. Thus the logic of active work has made history of which the churches may well be proud, and she may well lay her hand in ordination and consecration upon every stone laid in these buildings and every young man who has had the grace and courage to take part in their history.

George Williams, of London, the founder of the associations, still young and fresh in spirit, was, and is still, one of the most magnificent supporters of what his head and heart first gave to the church as one of her most active agencies for good. He and his work shall never die, but continue, after the real

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King is crowned, as stars to deck his diadem "for ever and ever" in "the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." He is a member of the state church of England, but he sees a real true church member in the poorest man who has been taught to pray, "God, be merciful to me a sinner"; for such a prayer means justification direct from the Author of the church, whether a sectarian name or no name other than Christian is the inheritance of his daily Christ-like deeds. Around him in this convention was a family of nations, represented by Christian young men, from whom was sent out one young man, Mr. Wishard, the recent college secretary of the International Convention of the United States, as a world's missionary to the young men of all nations. This may seem a bold undertaking for one young man. Be that as it may, the fact that a college-trained young man, after a successful work of ten years among college boys in America, finds it laid upon his heart to take up such a mission, indicates more to me than I dare commit to printer's ink. With the co-operation of the real missionaries in his track around the world, I shall look for results far beyond any merely intellectual computation of the value of human agency. I shall not touch the details of the convention's work, as connected with the discussions regarding the various means for increasing the usefulness of these organiza-

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tions. Suffice it to say that they were intensely practical.

The paper by Mr. Tritton, a London banker, and president of the Exeter Hall Young Men's Christian Association, on "The Means to Be Used for the Conversion of Young Men, and for Their Spiritual Development," and one by Mr. Auld, of Scotland, on "The Mutual Duties of Members of Young Men's Christian Associations," were most admirable productions. Both of these men are active workers in Association work, from whence they have dug out gems of knowledge for any who are inclined to follow their example.

Secretary Morse, of New York, read a paper on "American Young Men's Christian Associations, their Forms of Organization, and the Progress of their Work since 1884," which must say to many other companies, "Go thou and do likewise."

Germany sent fifty delegates, nine of whom were pastors. America sent fifty-four delegates, ten of whom were pastors. Great Britain and her colonies sent one hundred and fifteen delegates, leading all other nations, as she usually does in such things. All honor to England for this, not the least of her logical acts, in proof of her real greatness.

Of the three hundred and two delegates, England, America, and Germany sent two hundred and nineteen, which indicates quite correctly where the power of Christianity has built her

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monuments of political as well as religious liberty, and where God has fulfilled, nationally, His promise, "Those that honor Me I will honor." We can well point to those three greatest in the family of nations, and say, "I am" hath done it, and lo! it has been done. We know not how, and scarcely why, but so it is.

It is a matter of history that Chicago built the first building for the use of a Young Men's Christian Association, and sent D. L. Moody, by whose courage and foresight it was done, to stir up old England to realize her privileges and follow her cousins in such a work.

Her chief cities are now fully equipped with such homes for young men, and now a native German, F. Von Schlunbach, converted in America, and trained there in association work for Germans, is employed by some benevolent English gentlemen to work in Germany, and has started the first building enterprise in Berlin. Thus Old England and New England are united in Him to give Germany a work for young men that eventually will join these three great countries in a fraternity all-powerful for good to other nations. "How great a matter a little fire kindleth"—provided it be the fire of Pentecost, giving hearts and tongues a fire for practical work.

I cannot close this rambling sketch of a most remarkable gathering without saying that I was agreeably surprised at the intelligence and ap-

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parent thrift of the Swedes, and more by their uniform kindness to strangers. They could not do too much. One wealthy gentleman invited the whole conference to his country seat, about an hour's ride through most picturesque scenery, where he gave nearly eight hundred guests a supper, and then illuminated his grounds and the river with fireworks as the party left for Stockholm.

However, it is no place for Americans to go to enter the ministry, as a pastor informed me he had to study fifteen years to be a minister, and then got one hundred dollars per annum as salary for his services, and that was the rule in the state church. They are housed and fed the same as soldiers, but have to buy their own wardrobe. That they can live on such pay is one of the marvels of this age, when we see the apparent wealth of Stockholm, the capital of the country. With such economy, how many inhabitants would the United States of America support?

CASTLES IN GERMANY

BERLIN, August 27, 1888.

Napoleon said, "Paris is France." Emperor William and Bismarck have said, "In deeds the German Empire is Berlin." God's soil and sunshine, combined with the real chemistry of human brains and muscle, always explain the aggregation of wealth and influence necessary to imperial greatness.

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France has the advantage in God's gifts of soil and climate, but Germany has the advantage in the inheritance of a better manhood, and the capital cities of each represent ambitions, utilizing these gifts to meet the expectation of constant changes in the one and of steady permanence in the other. A visit to Potsdam, where Frederick the Great began the great empire which William the First completed, recalls incidents to illustrate German manhood more forcibly than any words can do it. Let us take a stroll through the Royal Palace, whose first occupant was Frederick the Great, and whose bronze statue on horseback stands on Unter den Linden, directly in front of the window in William the First's palace in Berlin, where the people were wont to gather at twelve o'clock to see his benignant face looking out on them and that statue. The room of most interest to me was the "confidential" room—small, with double doors, in a wall four feet thick—and in the center a round table, in the center of which was a round dumb waiter, which communicated with the commissary department below. Here this great man held his counsels with trusted friends, in building an empire. Next in interest is his library full of Voltaire's works. Next to this was the office or the working room, where stands the writing-desk from which Napoleon in 1807 took a piece of the velvet. Upon this table, of course, I was

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constrained to take these notes and then pass on to the music-room and strike a few notes on the piano which made the music for Frederick the Great. You can't imagine how great one feels after such experiences. Passing through Marble Hall, Bronze Room, Social Room, Reception Room, and Pompeian Room we come to the rooms occupied by Louise, the mother of William the First, to whom he gave a pledge on her death-bed to avenge the wrongs committed by Napoleon the First, who occupied these same rooms for four days when this great emperor was only nine years old. When he inherited the throne, he occupied his mother's room, it may be to keep fresh the memory of her wrongs and of his own pledge. It is well known that the Emperor was very fond of a "blue corn flower" that grows in the cornfields, and the following fact will explain why: In the queen's flight from Potsdam with her children, her carriage broke down, and while the wheel was being mended, the boy observed his mother in tears, and gathered a bouquet of these flowers for her, from which she made a coronet and, while her tears fell thick and fast, placed on the boy's head the crown of flowers, which in due time became imperial and historic. Napoleon III at the close of the recent war surrendered his sword to William, who then redeemed the pledge made to his weeping mother sixty years before. Well may Germans be proud of William the First. Every

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mother and son in the empire needs only to know this history to make them every inch patriots and soldiers.

Aye, and well may his grandson, the present young emperor, look back upon his ancestors with pride, and say to himself: "With God's help I will bring nothing but an added luster to a history which has made Germany one, by making her as great as human possibilities, added to divine gifts, will permit me to do." One of the stairways to this palace contains about two hundred deer horns, one buffalo head, and three pair of wild boar's tusks, taken in November, 1885, by this young emperor. In driving to Potsdam, it was my good fortune to meet him in a carriage with the King of Denmark, unattended by a guard, and in a simple soldier's cap, which he tipped to our party in passing the carriage, which had halted on seeing the emperor's equipage approaching us. He has a very pleasant, frank looking face, and looks more like the pictures of Frederick the Great than either his father's or grandfather's. After seeing where two of the greatest of Germany's rulers lived, we went to the garrison church to see the casket which contained the dust of Frederick the Great, on which were wreaths placed there one hundred years after his burial. Napoleon entered this tomb in 1806 and said, "Here lies a great man." He little thought then that the flags of his own country would

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be captured and hung on the walls of this church by one whom, as a boy of nine years, he probably saw about the same time he saw the tomb of Frederick the Great.

The companionship of Voltaire, added to the fact of his library being filled with his books, would indicate that Frederick the Great shared his religious views. But in this church was an inclined plane made to wheel him to the services when he was too infirm to walk.

It is told of him that he once asked his court chaplain to give him one word to prove the inspiration of the Bible; the answer was, "Jews."

His confession of faith was, "The king is the first servant of the state, and every subject of the state can be saved in his own faith." Perhaps he learned somewhat of religious liberty in spite of all the extremely so-called liberal views of Voltaire.

We next visited "Peace Church," built by the brother of William the First, a very pious king—who is buried in it—and it was a fitting tribute to the late Emperor Frederick that he was buried here also, for while he was an able soldier he was a man of peace.

Here we saw Thorwaldsen's marble statue of Aaron and Hur holding up Moses' hands—a marvelous work—and the Angel of Peace standing in front of the pulpit. There are no war trophies in this church, and its surroundings are a marvel of beauty and utility, which last is not usual in state churches, un-

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less utility be considered to be using them as graveyards.

We next visited "Charlotten Hof," a small but most home-like place. Frederick William IV lived here, and this is where Alexander von Humboldt wrote the third and fourth sections of his "Cosmos." Among its curiosities is the walking-stick of Frederick the Great with a lion for the handle, which he always carried, whether on foot or on horseback, and so it is represented in his bronze equestrian statue in front of William I's castle in Berlin. Another is a steel and silver chair made by Peter the Great, which was given to the Queen of Prussia by Alexander the First of Russia.

Humboldt's bedroom, in this castle, was built to represent a tent, in which he lived so long, and all his toilet articles are there just as when he died.

In the Roman baths, near the palace, is a jasper bath-tub, presented to Frederick William IV by the Emperor of Russia, worth \$500,000. It was brought from the ruins of Pompeii.

We next visited the Royal Guest Palace, built by Frederick William IV, in which to entertain royal guests. The noted pictures in this palace are of sacred subjects.

The last castle we visited was "Sans Souci," built by Frederick the Great. In it, in a glass case, is the rough plan of this castle and grounds drawn by him, a piece of poetry, and his last will, in his own handwriting. The

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castle and grounds were poetry, indeed—in stone and landscape.

There was a windmill on the site of this castle which Frederick wanted, but the sturdy miller went to the courts to prevent confiscation and gained his case, and that mill is still there to testify to the will of a German miller as equal to that of Frederick the Great, who died in sight of this mill. Voltaire had rooms in one end of this palace.

There is a table in this palace, one thousand six hundred years old, upon which stands a clock that stopped at twenty minutes past two the day and hour that Frederick the Great died, sitting in a chair in the window looking out on the lovely grounds in front.

The death, in the past year—1888—of two emperors, has brought Germany before the world's attention quite as much as the Franco-Prussian war did, and the quiet judgment of thoughtful men everywhere gives her the first place in continental politics. A visit to these palaces and this great city, which looks more like an American city than any I have seen in Europe, has raised this people and this country in my estimation immensely.

Great things may be expected from this union of twenty-five independent states and one territory (Alsace-Lorraine) if the wisdom that made shall continue to build the empire upon such broad foundations with the largest liberty for the people of all these states.

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When the Revolution of 1848 culminated, William I was in command of the king's guard, and remonstrated with the king for sending the army out of the city and for not firing on the mob which had surrounded the castle and was attempting to force the iron gate.

The king was inexorable; he was too considerate for dealing with anarchists, and refused permission to fire on the mob. The prince and coming emperor broke his saber over his knees, and threw it at the feet of a king he could not serve.

It is quite noticeable on the continent that Americans are held in the highest esteem as travelers, and perhaps the highest compliment ever paid to our economic system of raising funds for the government is the fact that the great Empire of Germany has adopted our system of protection to home industries. It will be remembered that Bismarck, in urging this system, referred to the unparalleled progress of America after her war, under that system, as a conclusive argument in established facts which they would do well to heed. And they did. Long live Bismarck! I expect before our present election campaign is over that our German citizens will remember this, and that their best papers in America will come over to the Republican side of this question. Germans are reading and reasoning people, and know how to take care of their own pockets.

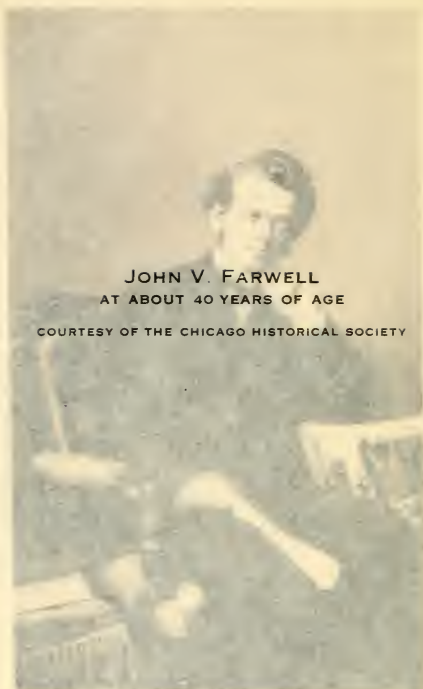


FROM THE

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA

WHEN the Union Pacific Railroad was opened the officers of the Great Western Expedition, Sir John Franklin, Rev. Clinton Lusk, and several Chicago business men to go to **JOHN V. FARWELL** **AT ABOUT 40 YEARS OF AGE** **COURTESY OF THE CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY** Salt Lake City, where a visit was made to Brigham Young, who gave us a dinner at the principal hotel. The proprietor's wife, who ran the hotel, refused to act, because her spouse had taken another wife by order of Brigham Young, and she said to him, "Let your new wife attend to this business now, and give me a rest." She was so persistent in her demand that Brigham Young was compelled to see her and arrange for her to get out make dinner for his guests, which she finally did, and it was a good thing. So we had a good introduction to the beautiful life of polygamy.

The next day we called on the wife of one of the men who had been with us. We had my surgeon, Susan, and gave her a lecture on the subject, which was a good literature for the people, and we stayed when Miss's new wife came to his and in



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AT ABOUT 40 YEARS OF AGE

COURTESY OF THE CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Home Travel

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA

WHEN the Union Pacific Railroad was opened the officers invited Governor Oglesby, Senator Trumbull, Rev. Clinton Locke, and several Chicago business men to go to California as their guests. It was a memorable trip. On the way out mock trials whiled away the time, until we reached Salt Lake City, where a visit was made to Brigham Young, who gave us a dinner at the principal hotel. The proprietor's wife, who ran the hotel, refused to act, because her spouse had taken another wife by order of Brigham Young, and she said to him, "Let your new wife attend to this business now, and give me a rest." She was so persistent in her demand that Brigham Young was compelled to see her and arrange for her to get one more dinner for his guests, which she finally did, and it was a good one. So we had a good introduction to the beauties of polygamy.

The next day we all called on the high priest of the cult, who had seventy wives. Much to my surprise Senator Trumbull gave him a lecture on the subject, which would be good literature for the present senators to study when Utah's new senator applies for his seat in

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the Senate. I expected a scene to follow, but the high priest of the cult of "the world, the flesh, and the devil" took it as a joke, and subsequent events, in taking Utah into the Union of States with this standard of morals, have endorsed his manner of treating the subject.

There was one notable person on the streets of Salt Lake City who was pointed out as the leader of the conspiracy to murder and plunder a colony of emigrants on the way to California a few years before this. For this plot Brigham Young was responsible, yet no retribution was ever meted out to the Mormons for the bloody outrage.

Brigham Young had just taken a young new wife and her palace was shown to us as one of the notable edifices of that Sodom of the United States.

We attended the state theater in a body to see another feature of such a community, and it was a very appropriate accompaniment of such a church which met in the tabernacle, in which was the largest organ in the world. We heard Brigham Young preach, and the seventy elders on either side of the pulpit with open mouths looked at him as though he were God's vicegerent on earth. We were glad to get away from this miserable blot on the escutcheon of our country's honor. We were surprised to find an electric lighting plant at Ogden, the first I had ever seen, and out in a wilderness desert.

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Arriving at San Francisco, we were met by a committee of the city to welcome us to a banquet at the largest hotel. One of the speakers was a fine looking Chinaman, an employé of the Bank of California, who made a fine address. I saw him on Sunday in a Chinaman's Sunday school, where he was very busy and efficient. So he had found something better than a clerkship in the biggest bank in California.

The next day Mr. Ralston, of the Bank of California, took one hundred guests to his country place. From the end of the railroad coaches and relays of horses took us some ten miles on a keen run. Such a trip I never expect to take again. Arriving at his palatial home, he played the piano while the one hundred sat down to a dinner such as is seldom seen at our best hotels, and it was served more expeditiously than the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York ever served such a company. Then came a view of his deer park, and the return trip closed the day.

Most of our party determined to see the Yosemite Valley on our way home. We took stages at Stockton to the foot of the mountains, where Fremont first reached a house in California on his first exploration trip. The intense heat and the interminable dust made every one of the party unrecognizable from facial peculiarities. The sweat and dust had formed a union trust that was perfect in hiding

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identities, until the voice revealed each to the other. We thought we were paying very dearly for our expected show in nature's own exposition.

The next day we were all mounted mountaineers for a two days' campaign against obstacles between us and the greatest natural wonder in the world, and on the way, as an introduction, we were to see the "big trees." We passed through large pine forests of trees from two to eight feet in diameter, and from one hundred to two hundred feet high, and standing so thick that the sun never reached the ground. I brought home one of the cones that was twenty inches in length.

These were but a faint introduction to the big trees, however, which were twenty to thirty-three feet in diameter, and two hundred to three hundred feet high, and the first limbs, in some cases, two hundred feet from the ground. The fire had burned out the center at the bottom of one of them and between the supporting roots, so we could ride in at one door thus made and out at another, on horseback. One had been cut down and the stump smoothed off a foot above the ground for the floor of a dance hall. No king or emperor ever had such a floor in his music hall, but the cones on these mammoth trees were only about the size of an Illinois hickory nut.

I began to think that we could have stood one hundred per cent more of dust, and yet

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we had not yet seen what we came to behold. Governor Oglesby, who was a large man, had a very small pony, and was several times urged by Senator Trumbull to change work with the pony at least one-half of the time. However, the two days' jolting had brought many bitter complaints from a rebel bullet that he had carried in his body from the time of its reception in battle, and so he was excused by us and the pony from accepting the proposal of Senator Trumbull.

We were now approaching Yosemite Valley, and found many snow banks, from which, as from a flower garden, the scarlet snow flowers sprang up as if by magic, to intensify the brilliancy of the beautiful white snow, with no city smoke and dirt to disfigure it. All at once we came to the edge of the valley at "Inspiration Point," which juts out into it far enough to give a full view of the upper and lower parts of the valley. There was a violent rain storm in the lower end, a few drops where we stood, and clear sunlight in the upper end, making a panorama so grand that Governor Oglesby unconsciously exclaimed, "Great God! could any one imagine such a place as this on earth," and we all said "Amen" to that.

In front of us was "El Capitan" in 3,800 feet of perpendicular granite. To the right was the "Cap of Liberty," somewhat more lofty, and between them, opposite us, was

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“Yosemite Falls,” three times as high as Niagara, and nearly one hundred feet broad, but looking no more than ten feet wide from where we stood. On the same side as “Inspiration Point,” to our right, was “Bridal Veil Falls,” between two granite “Cathedral Spires,” white as the snow, as if old earth at this particular spot was the bride of the heavens itself, ready for an eternal union, adorned with scarlet snow flowers for a bridal wreath. We tarried at this enchanting spot as long as we dare risk it, if we were to get down into the valley by daylight. The descent took nearly two hours, winding back and forth on a narrow path dug out of the steep side of the mountain, which none but trained horses would ever attempt. We found a comfortable hotel in the valley, and all of us were ready for a rest, particularly our Governor, whose rebel bullet and the horseback shaking up had made of him quite an invalid. After a good night’s rest we managed the next day to get a nearer view, by the favor of the horses and a practical guide, of the wonder we had seen from “Inspiration Point” and a multitude more of them, not visible from that point, but nearly as inspiring. The first was “Mirror Lake,” at the foot of the “Cap of Liberty,” which with the trees on its margin, with ourselves, watches in hand, were just as distinctly seen in the water as above it, with the exact time of the day from our watches. It reminded me of Paul’s figure

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of Christ, as a mirror, which by our constant looking into "we are transformed into the same image from glory to glory." After nine o'clock a gentle breeze spoiled the mirror, and we were ready for the next revelation of nature's gifts to man, in another of God's books which we can read and say, "Only God could do this."

The next day was Sunday, and the Rev. Clinton Locke took charge of an outdoor evening service. He had tried hard on the railroad to convince me that the Episcopal Church was the only one with an air-line track to the better land, with little success, and so I was greatly surprised that, with no previous notice, he should ask me to lead in prayer in opening the service. I can only remember the opening sentences of that prayer, somewhat as follows: "Great God, our Father, Maker of heaven and earth, in this Thine own temple, frescoed with millions of stars, whose organ choir is the voice of many waters, whose walls and cathedral spires are mountains of granite, and whose carpet is woven with the lilies of the valley, and flowers whose names are only known to Thee, help us, Thy children, to worship Thee here, in the beauty of holiness, as we behold the works of Thy hands all about us, as Creator of all things."

The surprise of this invitation from an Episcopalian clergyman to lead in prayer in one of his own services was only exceeded by the many remarks on my acceptance of it, from

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very many of those who attended, which were most embarrassing to me, as most unfitting to such an occasion.

Many years afterwards Senator Trumbull again referred to it as one of the memorable incidents of Yosemite Valley experiences, yet all this time I felt that my Father indited a petition to Himself, and to hear such remarks was but to remind me of a newspaper's notice of a prayer made in New York by a prominent clergyman, as "the most eloquent prayer ever addressed to an American audience."

The next day we left this most remarkable chapter in God's book of Nature for the common scenes of our return journey to Chicago. The construction of the Union Pacific Railroad by the aid of the United States Government was thought by some to have saved California to the Union at the time of the war. There had been many Southerners in California who took up their residence there before the war, some of whom had tried to make slaves of Indians, and had advocated that California join the Southern States in secession, but the building of the railroad by the United States government practically with its own hands turned the scales forever to the Union.

THE INDIAN COMMISSION

When General Grant was elected President, Congress refused to make appropriations for

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the Indians, because of the malfeasance in office of the Indian agents, who distributed government supplies to them in such a way as to absorb most of them on the way, and at their point of destination, unless a commissioner was appointed to superintend purchases and their distribution. General Grant was authorized to select such a commission and the following letter from the Secretary of the Interior indicates the scope of their duties, and the names of the men who were to take up the work that saved many wars then threatened by the Indians on account of their treatment by government agents:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 15, 1869.

Dear Sir: The President has directed me to invite you to become one of the Commissioners provided for by the late act of Congress to act as auxiliary to this Department in the supervision of the work of gathering the Indians upon reservations.

The Commission will serve without pay, except for expenses actually incurred in traveling, and is expected to act both as a consulting board of advisers, and, through their sub-committees, as inspectors of the agencies in the Indian country.

The design of those who suggested the Commission was that something like a Christian Commission should be established, having

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the civilization of the Indian in view, and laboring to stimulate public interest in this work, whilst also co-operating with the Department in the specific purpose mentioned.

The following gentlemen have been requested to become members of the Board with you: William Welsh, Philadelphia; Geo. H. Stuart, James E. Tratman, St. Louis; Wm. E. Dodge, New York; E. S. Toby, Boston; and Felix R. Brunot, of Pittsburg. Perhaps two others will be added, and as soon as answers are received, a preliminary meeting will be called here. Earnestly hoping you will consent to your own appointment, and that you will in any event withhold any refusal until the preliminary meeting has been held, and you have thus been enabled to discuss more fully the objects and the importance of the contemplated movement,

I am very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. D. Cox.

Hon. John V. Farwell, Chicago.

It was very soon demonstrated that this was done none too soon. I was one of two commissioners sent in 1871 to the Osage tribe in southern Kansas, whose lands were being taken up by Kansas settlers, to remove them to the Indian Territory. We had scarcely named our object, before the chief said to us: "White people are going there, same as here; if you

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can stop that, we will hold a council to consider the matter, and not otherwise."

We telegraphed for a company of cavalry and had every wagon turned back, inside of two weeks, and then a council was held. The chief had been educated by Catholic priests, and could speak English as well as we, but he had an interpreter and spoke in pure Indian, somewhat as follows:

"I hold in my hand a treaty signed by Thomas Jefferson, which gives us the territory between the Red River of the South and the Missouri River. The Government of the United States has from time to time absorbed it all, nearly, by treaties at different times, and the payment of trifling sums, until we now own only a little strip of thirty miles wide and three miles long, adjoining the Indian Territory, and now we are asked to relinquish that."

We had no argument to meet this but the offer of a tract twice as large in the Indian Territory, which was finally accepted, and all the Indians signed the treaty with a cross, and an Indian war was prevented. The result was celebrated with a regular Indian dance, horse races, and young Indians in a foot race. John V. Farwell, Jr., had come on with me and while a spectator of the boys' race, was invited to take a part in a mile run. He agreed to run if they would make it a quarter of a mile, which was accepted, and he came out ahead

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of them all. He was so elated with his victory that he came at once to the Indian agent's office and wrote the following letter:

“Dear Mother—I ran a race with Indian boys, and beat them bigger than myself.”

The *beat* had to have precedence over *bigger*. Before the day was over I had expected some accidents in the racing and other sports, for the Indians in some way had got some whiskey, and were very boisterous. While here a telegram came to me, informing me that the company's store at 72, 74 and 76 Wabash Avenue had been burned up, not a very comforting piece of news, but success in our mission cured even this stroke of paralysis in business affairs.

My next trip was to California to purchase supplies and investigate some large claims held by Californians versus the United States, growing out of Indian purchases.

This trip was made under the specific agreement that I was to use my own judgment as to the manner of buying the goods, instead of the United States regulations, which were so arranged as to give to favored parties the whole amount of purchases, through advertisements arranged by the Indian office in Washington, appearing very fair to one not posted in the game. I bought them, just as I bought goods for my own business, and left samples with an agent of my own to be used in their delivery, so as to get the same qual-

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ity that was bargained for, and the proper quantities.

Advertisements were put in the papers for samples of the goods wanted, to be left at the Indian Office, and for all parties having claims against the United States to present them at the Indian Office within a certain time, with the proofs to establish their equity, and not a man appeared.

I was also required to visit the agencies in Northern California, and had a military escort for that purpose. The trip was made on horseback, after getting to the end of the stage route. We camped one night on a trout stream at the base of a mountain we had to cross the next day. We got trout for supper and breakfast, and when ready to move, there was a dense fog, which grew thinner and thinner, until we reached a point near the summit, where a view presented itself such as I never saw before, and never expect to see again. The fog at our feet seemed like the waves of the sea in a violent storm, mountain peaks all around us looked like islands, and the Pacific Ocean was in plain view in the west, as we were quite near it. I was never above the clouds before, nor since, in a material world, and it was a most enchanting scene. It reminded me that the fog of this world in a mental or spiritual atmosphere is only overcome by surmounting it, and getting above its influence into the clear sunlight of God's eternal sun-

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shine, where we can see ourselves as others see us, and act accordingly. Climbing is the formula for such results, instead of choosing a moral down-grade, which has so many starting-points in ruining character.

Arriving at our destination, the Indians were not the only ones that enlisted my sympathy. The soldiers sent from comfortable homes into this moral as well as material wilderness, with nothing to do but watch Indians, found the down-grade highway to a moral hell among the very elements they were expected to aid into a better life. Strange as it may seem, we found among the Indians the belief in a future life in their cemeteries, where the occupants' graves were ornamented with all the utensils used here, for use in the Great Beyond. Their medicine-man is their priest. I was introduced to one, and I was curious to ascertain the origin of a certain dance, at which a regalia was worn made of white deerskins and red-headed woodpeckers' scalps made into a gear, the ones that wore the largest taking the precedence. On informing him that in my town there were scores of that bird in the trees, he at once wished me to send him any number at a dollar apiece, so he could outshine the chief in the next dance. On inquiring how this dance originated, he informed me that about two thousand years ago his ancestor had seen a vision coming down the mountain of a spirit in human form that told him they must

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not fight any more, and that whenever all quarrels were settled they could have this dance, and wear this regalia, of which he showed me his sample. I then asked him how long it was since they had had such a dance. He said many, many years. I then asked him how soon after it occurred was any one killed in a quarrel. He gave me a queer look, but finally answered, "the very next month after the dance." It was a very interesting bit of Indian history to me, as evidencing the Bible statement that "God made of one blood" all the nations of this earth. Having finished my mission, my return trip was made by a small steamer to San Francisco. Very many whales were seen on the trip, but it was reserved for San Francisco harbor to close the whale exhibition, with a dead and stranded one that was seventy feet long and fifteen feet across near the head, large enough to hold several Jonahs all at once.

RECONNOITERING

Our Commission sent detectives to the northern agencies to ascertain how vouchers were made up by the Indian agents. In one case flour had been mixed with a white clay, rendering it unusable, and was rejected by the Indians. It was offered every delivery day, and vouchers made up, as though it had been taken and used by the Indians. Cattle were driven over the scales several times so that a

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small drove became a thousand. A war was imminent, because of these cheats, and I wrote my brother, then a member of Congress, giving these facts, and stating that the Indian Office and Secretary of the Interior were certainly to blame for such action. These vouchers were paid after they had been rejected by our Commission, which resulted in the resignation of all but one of the members, but before this resignation our Chairman, Felix R. Brunot, went to the Sioux agency and held a council with Red Cloud and his tribes, which prevented a war. He opened the session with prayer, at the close of which Red Cloud rose, spread his hands towards heaven, and asked the Great Spirit "to see that nothing but truth was spoken at that council." My letter was handed to President Grant, who sent it to the Secretary of the Interior. There was a meeting soon after of our Commission in Washington, and I had a letter from the Secretary asking me to call at his office, to which I replied that after reporting to our chairman I would call on him. Instead of waiting for my call, he attended that first meeting, and stated that a letter had been sent to Washington by Mr. Farwell, reflecting on the Interior Office, and asked a committee of conference. W. E. Dodge, and another gentleman and myself were appointed as a committee. I was in for it as the Secretary thought, but I justified the letter on the ground that the Secretary was

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accountable for the acts of his under-officers, and for the truth of my statements, I was prepared to prove every one of them by eye-witnesses of the wrongs done to the Indians by his appointees.

The President soon had the resignation of the Secretary of the Interior, and there have been no Indian wars with the Northern tribes since then.

At one of our meetings in Washington I was asked to address a public meeting, presided over by President Grant, on the work of our Commission. This is the highest civic honor ever accorded to me. As its work was in the interest of peace through fair dealing, before speaking on my theme I referred to General Grant's agency in procuring an arbitration to settle our war damages as the result of Great Britain's allowing a rebel cruiser bought in England to leave her ports to drive our commerce from the ocean, which was suitably applauded by the audience. The greatest soldier in the field should be the greatest peacemaker as a diplomat in his office, as well as with guns, and such was General Grant as commander-in-chief of our armies, as well as in his office as chief magistrate of a great nation.

Occasional Letters

THE WAY TO MAKE MONEY

THE "Boston Herald," which has been asking millionaires for their views on getting rich, had received the following recipe from Mr. J. V. Farwell of this city:

"CHICAGO, September 20, 1887.

"*Dear Sir:* I have been unable to answer your query sooner, but as I am quite sure all your young men readers have not yet become rich from reading other answers than mine, and that many of them are still in search of the philosopher's stone to turn everything into gold, I venture to reply, in hope of helping some of them. I have an intense admiration for young men determined to become an honorable part of the framework of a prosperous state. Forty-two years ago, as a mere boy, I saw the genial skies and the unusually rich soil of Illinois, a few white people, and a multitude of prairie-wolves and prairie-chickens. What did it need to make the farms? Was it the cities and the railroads which make it now the grand materialized wealthy State that it is, or simply an appreciation of unutilized natural wealth, and then the working of it out, adding human intelligence and work to God's gifts, making them ours.

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“Young men endowed with brains—God’s gifts so unequally bestowed—are like exceptionally rich lands, under a genial or ungenial climate, as they make it. With such men, the first thing requisite is a purpose worthy of such a gift from God. A good brain, intelligence, honest purpose, and persistent work are the rock foundations of all honestly acquired wealth, either in knowledge or in the worldly possessions, but God has left the compensation for the poor ‘of this world,’ which outweighs all of that; that is to be ‘rich in faith’ towards Him. Most young men think that kind of riches foolishness.

“Only one thing remains to add—and that is the genius, the soul of all earthly acquisition, even the power to see and seize opportunities. The war did not make General Grant a great general. It was in him before. It only gave him the opportunity to show it. ‘Unconditional surrender, Grant.’ was a real existence before Fort Donelson was built.

“America alone, saying nothing of other lands, is too large for any young man of merit to say, ‘I have no opportunities.’ These are not all in the large cities, as most young men think who flock there to find a fortune in a day. They are nearly all in the rich, unoccupied country still only partly developed. Let Boston young men who are not afraid to work and wait, just follow the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad into the Southwest,

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the richest, prospectively, of any part of our country, and seize the opportunities which come without the asking from that soil. It is richer than Illinois, and the climate is more genial than any I know of in conjunction with such soil. They will be to that country what the rich men of Illinois are to-day to this State, and more quickly, since railroads, telegraphs, and all other lightning-like concomitants are now more potent and ubiquitous than they were in Illinois forty years ago.

“All who may take this advice and get rich will please give at least as much to benevolence as Jacob did to God for making him rich, by sending him to just such a country before there were any railroads to multiply human efforts a thousandfold, and we will call the account square for answering your query for the benefit of young men.”

IF I WERE MAYOR I WOULD RUN THE CITY ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES

I would try to run the city as I run my own business—on business principles. If the city departments were honestly and economically administered—if there were no leakages, Chicago would have money enough, I believe, for every municipal need.

I would compel the officials who have charge of the city revenues to do their duty honestly. I would not permit them to hide behind the

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law. An appointive official in Chicago is working under the mayor just as the head of a department in my store is working for me. He is responsible to me, and I demand honest service.

A public official who steals from the city or county ought to go to jail for a term ten times as long as for the thief who robs a private citizen. I would stop the stuffing of pay-rolls. If I found in my store one hundred men on the salary lists who did not work, some one would be discharged, and that speedily.

I would not permit politics to have any influence in the administration of the city's business so far as I could prevent it.

The newspaper revelations of favoritism in the awarding of contracts show that such a state of affairs exists because there is not a will to prevent it. I have no knowledge of the existence of this phase of municipal corruption, I must say, except what I have read in the newspapers.

I would compel the traction companies to lower the river tunnels they are using. If they refused to get them out of the way of river navigation, I would clear the obstructions the next day. The street railways should have been forced to agree to pay for the tunnels when they were turned over to them. They have never been of any use to the public since. The companies are making money enough to lower the old bores or build new ones, if that is

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necessary. The city should not be taxed to do the work.

The city and its continued prosperity are of more importance than the interests of any street railway company. If the lake carriers of the largest size are kept out of the harbor, we may as well make an assignment of our position as the great lake port and surrender the business prestige it gives us. Shipping will forsake Chicago unless the river is made navigable for the biggest lake freighter afloat. In a measure it has left us already and made South Chicago the port of the big lake ships.

The river must be maintained as a drainage canal. To deepen it will do away in some measure with the necessity for widening it. The street railways, the only users and beneficiaries of the tunnels, should be made to lower or remove them.

The traction question I have not settled in my own mind, and I do not know how I would dispose of it if I were mayor. Municipal ownership of all public utilities would be the best solution of the problems of transportation and lighting. I believe in municipal ownership, but until honest men can be assured in the public service, I would be doubtful of the wisdom of public operation of these utilities. As a preparation for municipal ownership, I would use my influence to clear politics out of the city hall.

In the face of Chicago's limit of bonded indebtedness, I do not see how the city can

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find the money to buy the trunk traction lines when their franchises expire next year. Under the circumstances, I think the best solution of the matter is an arrangement with the traction companies providing for the payment to the city of a fair proportion of the earnings of the lines involved.

I say that I would try to eliminate politics from the city service and get honest men in all city offices. I wish we had the same sort of public spirit here in Chicago as exists in Glasgow. There, unless a man is of sterling worth and unquestioned honesty he cannot even be elected to the city council. There are no saloon-keepers among the Glasgow aldermen.

Glasgow is also a shining example of the benefits of public ownership. The city owns its water-works, gas-works, and street railways, and revenues from these public utilities, despite the low rates charged the people, are enough to pay most of the city's expenses. There are more saloons in Glasgow, too, than in the average city of Great Britain, but the citizens do not allow the saloon element to run the city government.

There are honest men enough in Chicago of all parties, to provide candidates for every city office—men who would serve the city and not their party. In fact, Chicago's mayor should be elected just as the manager of a big business is chosen, not because of his political affiliation or influence, but with direct ref-

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erence to his ability and his disposition to do his duty.

There ought to be no place in the city government for a man who wants to get rich out of politics. If Chicago could get officials who would honestly administer the tax law and the city's finances, we would have more money than we know what to do with.

One of the first things I would do, after providing for an economical administration, would be to pave the streets which most need paving. It is well known that many streets are paved, and many sidewalks laid out in the suburbs, where the need of them is not so pressing, just to provide contractors with jobs. I would try to restore the streets whose present condition is a hindrance to Chicago's business.

Take a look at the streets which are now being paved. There is little perfect work. There ought to be a standard plan and specifications for the making of each sort of pavement used, and if I were mayor I would see that one was provided. The formula would be for the best pavement of each kind, and it would have to be adhered to. I would insure perfect freedom and fairness for the submission of bids, so that the best contractors would compete for the work. With a good superintendent of streets there would be no chance for bad work to be foisted on the city.

I would execute the law closing saloons at midnight, and stop the tide of crime which is

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sweeping the city. I quite agree with "The American" that the right sort of a chief of police could put an end to the robberies, burglaries, and assaults which the newspapers are full of just now.

How many arrests and convictions do you read of to balance the record of unlawful acts? If thieves read the newspapers they must come to the conclusion that Chicago is a paradise for their operations. If my chief of police failed to execute my orders, I would find him another place — outside the police force.

There are other things a mayor might do if he could find the money to carry out his plans. My first work, however, if I were mayor, would be to see that the money which the city receives, or ought to receive, was honestly accounted for and honestly expended. I believe we would have money enough for every necessary expense if our revenues were rightly handled.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE BOYS?

This is the supreme question of every good mother's head and heart in the education of her children, whose "worsen" half, as a rule, does not trouble himself with such questions any too much. He is too busy making haste to be rich in Jewish shekels instead of boys. He may have forgotten the curriculum of his own mother's training, with the help of a

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sturdy farmer who always had something for him to do, even while he was learning the multiplication table, in more ways than one. He does not imagine that his boy, most of whose education has been in the line of spending his "governor's" money and his own time in learning how not to do things, can be anything but a man with such a father, and such luxurious surroundings, which usually invite only waste of character along with waste of money and time. Is not this the explanation why some rich men's sons are ciphers in the arithmetic of life, with no integers in front of them to indicate power and influence upon society and in the circles of business, church and state? Honest work, beginning with boys, is more of a factor in making men than the most of us are aware. No one, as an employee, can have any respect for himself, unless his conscience is clear as to having rendered value received for every dollar paid him, with a surplus to his credit of spent energy in making himself indispensable to his employer. This is surely what will make him a partner in the business in hand when the opportunity occurs. Every large business centre has furnished numerous examples of this kind, to emphasize the value of fidelity to others, as the most conspicuous service to one's self, and every college in existence has turned out world reformers and business kings who, as the result of hard work over the rudi-

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ments, as well as the principles of philosophy, literature, and political economy, have put them in practice as men, while from the same environments we can count scores who with equal chances, and perhaps with more natural talents, have succumbed to the deadly poison of indolent and dissolute habits which usually follow each other, and become nonentities, if not absolute encumbrances to society.

Yes, the boy that sweeps the floor the best will be the man that will always have his name at the head of the firm in due time, and the boys that never get their lessons out of their chum's memorandum books will be the men who become presidents of the colleges, the railroads, and the banks. Men trust them for the reason that they have never cheated themselves in the great game of life, where they have assumed and borne responsibilities, in which, as in the brute creation, the survival of the fittest is the law of God as well as of men. Nay, it is more the law of God with intellect and morals than in the brute creation, as by this law it has been decreed that man shall live "by the sweat of his brow," and "not by bread alone, but by obedience to every word of God," spoken not only in the law of Moses, but also in the evolution of the stars and of men, and of the world we live in, writ large, so that there is no excuse for not reading correctly and governing ourselves accordingly. Given the boys

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who have been taught that time and the opportunity to work, and personal responsibility in their use, is their capital in trade, and we have the prophecy of the men who will be honored in every calling of life.

As Professor Drummond has said, "Love is the greatest thing in the world." Nay, it is the greatest thing in heaven. For God on his throne so loved this world as to give a Child whose name was called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." He was, as a man, a hard worker in His father's carpenter shop, before He spoke love and life into the civilization of this nineteenth century, in voices that from Rome to the present have had no equal, which under their sunshine has produced more men to emphasize human progress in every walk of life in the last seventy years than in all the time since Adam began human history. Paul was a debtor to all classes of men, that his work was changed by "the seed of the woman" from a persecutor into the writing of that love not on tables of stone but in human hearts, making them "living epistles" of its power over men to work this miraculous change in that history, which is yet to culminate in the Kingdom of God; not in bloody revolutions of force, but in transforming character into the image that Christ left in Paul and all his successors in the work of love.

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TEXAS AND CAPITOL BUILDING REMINISCENCES

The acquaintances made in London, while there with Mr. Moody in 1875, opened the way for the organization of the Capitol Freehold Land and Cattle Co., in 1886, based on 3,000,000 acres of land given by the State of Texas for the erection of her State House at Austin. Quintin Hogg, T. A. Denny and Sir William McArthur, all very wealthy and well-known men in London, together with some well-known men of whom J. V. Farwell & Co. had bought goods for many years, formed a credit basis for raising \$5,000,000 to build the State House and stock the 3,000,000 acres of land with cattle. Boston and New York men tried to float the scheme and failed, and I certainly would not try another job like it in any country. The country where this land was located was the home of wolves, antelope, buffaloes, and cattle thieves at that time, and the Indians had gone only a few years before.

Now there are three railroads running through that tract, which has 1,500 miles of five-wire fence on it, with farms at every headquarters for ranchmen.

For five years more than one half of my time was spent in London on this business, which resulted in Texas getting one of the best state houses in the Union, and the development of her farming and cattle interests,

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such as was never dreamed of in that locality, until it was demonstrated that Kaffir corn, sorghum, and millet could be grown profitably where it was thought the plow would never be used as a means of livelihood. The time is not far distant when Texas will be the richest state in the Union in agricultural wealth, because of its immense area of farming lands, suitable for cotton and all other agricultural products.

It is to be hoped that as law was one of the effective means to that end in giving this large tract of land for a state house, other laws will be passed to induce capital to help, instead of hinder, in the evolution of her greatness.

Robert Lincoln was United States minister to Great Britain while I was in London on the Texas state house business, and wishing to introduce him to our company's officers and other English friends of our enterprises, I gave him a dinner at the Hotel Victoria and introduced him with a proper reference to his father as the greatest man of the century, measured by his work in saving the American Union and in destroying human slavery, in which he had worthy predecessors in Great Britain, in such men as Sir Fowell Buxton and William Wilberforce. Sir Fowell Buxton once said in Parliament, "I thank God that I have pursuits in life so deeply interesting as they proceed, and so full of promise in the magnitude of their results, that they deserve to absorb my

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whole being. I would not exchange objects in life with any living being." This was the abolition of slavery in the British dominions.

The Marquis Tweeddale, the chairman of our company, made an address, and also Mr. Robinson, the chairman of the National Provincial Bank of England, which was our company's banker. Mr. Lincoln made a very appropriate address following my introduction. Altogether the gathering was very satisfactory in bringing our enterprise to the attention of such men as William Fowler, M. P., Lord Kennard, and Sir William Ewart, Bart., M. P.

Coming home from one of my trips to London on this business, I had one of the most remarkable experiences of my life in a shipwreck, which I described in the "New York Independent," and in interviews with newspaper correspondents, one of which I give herewith.

SCENES ON THE "OREGON"

PASSENGERS PREPARED TO DIE

THE STORY OF THE COLLISION AND SINKING OF THE CUNARD STEAMER

(Quoted)

NEW YORK, March 15, 1886.

Among the guests sheltered to-day by the hospitable walls of the Windsor Hotel are Judge Drummond and Mr. John V. Farwell, of Chicago, who twenty-four hours ago were tossing about on the open sea, fearful lest starva-

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tion should overtake them before the little lumber schooner which had rescued them, with other passengers, from the wrecked steamer "Oregon," should make the land. Both gentlemen have received my congratulations to-day on their escape, and are disposed to talk freely about their adventures. Mr. Farwell, speaking in detail, said:

"The shock occurred about four o'clock in the morning, when everybody was asleep, except perhaps the officers on duty. I heard the crash distinctly. It seemed as though the masts had fallen over the deck of the vessel. It sounded like the falling of trees. The passenger in the next stateroom to mine was awake and said afterwards that he saw the schooner go down which struck us, and I think it must have been a complete smashup, for the boat and probably all on board were lost. The lack of excitement, or rather the absence of all demonstrations by the imperiled passengers, is due entirely to the coolness of the commanding officers of the 'Oregon,' and their reiterated assurance that the ship could not go down for some time to come, and that ample time was afforded for the rescue of passengers. Not an accident occurred during the transfer of the passengers from the 'Oregon' to the rescuing vessels, but it looked very critical for us at one time. Two steamers passed and were signalled, but gave no response. In fact our signals were not of the

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best kind. I noticed that the rockets that were sent up did not go above the masts of the ship, and the cannon that we fired did not make as much noise as the old Fourth of July anvil that I used to assist in firing when I was a boy.

“When the passenger steamers did not recognize our signals of distress we all felt very blue, and made up our minds that we were lost, for the water was pouring in the open side of the vessel at a terrible pace. Just at this time Pilot Boat No. 7 hove in sight and came up to us, and it was announced that the pilot boat with the ship’s life-boats could take off all passengers. A schooner, carrying lumber from Maine, came up about the same time, and then we all felt happy.

“In the meantime we had all been told to get hot coffee, which was served out in the regular dining-room. Within twenty minutes from the time when we left the ship the ‘Fulda’ came in sight. It was Heaven’s offering to us, for all the boats were full, and the wind was very cold and cutting. The fact that the collision occurred at daylight, that there was little sea, together with the coolness of the officers, and the opportune arrival of the pilot boat, the lumber schooner and the ‘Fulda,’ is all in all very remarkable. This is no time for criticism. We lost all our baggage and were not allowed to take off even our hand bags, but we are glad, and should be, that our lives are saved. The collision was probably more serious than the

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officers thought at the time. The smash broke through into the fire-room and the ship could not be navigated, otherwise we should probably have been taken into the harbor on board of our own ship."

Judge Drummond, though slightly shaken up by his experience after leaving the "Oregon," is in perfect good health, and is disposed to look on the whole matter as merely an exciting incident of the voyage. He was awakened by the shock of the collision, and was dressing when notified of what had occurred by Mr. Farwell, who occupied an adjoining stateroom. With Mr. Farwell and Mr. Sturges, who was in the stateroom next to Mr. Farwell's, he ascended to the main deck. This was found to be jammed with passengers, many of whom were disposed to rush frantically for the boats, but were quieted by the coolness of the officers. The trio then climbed up to the upper deck to await results, fearing despite the assurance of the officers that there was no hope of rescue.

Mr. Farwell then crept along to the bow of the steamer, and let himself down by grasping a loose line and swinging into a boat below. "I asked him," said the Judge, "if he was excited," but he simply answered, smiling a cold-blooded, so-much-per-pair dry-goods smile, that he was as cool "as a cucumber." Following Mr. Farwell, they then slipped down into another boat, which was ready to

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pull out. Mr. Sturges also dropped into the same boat, and after being somewhat pitched about by the choppy waves, they reached the schooner, from which hours later they were transferred to the "Fulda," making quarantine last midnight, and the dock at eight o'clock this morning.

At the time when the passengers were convinced that death was staring them in the face, Judge Drummond was cool and collected, and when he pulled himself up by the arms from the life-boat in which he left the ship, over the schooner's side, he was smiling and active. As soon as he felt that he was safe, a reaction set in, but it was not of long duration, and passed away entirely before the transfer to the "Fulda."

A PREFACE

The Fleming H. Revell Publishing Co. requested me to write an introduction to a book written specially for young men, and I give it here as a reminder to my own children and grandchildren of my desires for them:

"Every young man who is desirous of making his life bud, blossom, and become fruitful in all that is good and sublime, should remember these two things—that goodness is the foundation upon which sublimity rests, and that he must dedicate every power of body and mind to achieve a result so glorious. In other words, he must make a business of it.

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“This result was never awarded to man simply because he asked for it, nor has it ever fallen out by chance, nor been given as the consequence of unintelligent labor. It is a great blessing to have inherited a good constitution and strong mental characteristics. They make a splendid capital for investment. But after all, it is the labor and the struggle of the man, in their investment and use, that bring the priceless return.

“General Grant was probably born a soldier. But study the profound mental exertion which he put forth to make those natural gifts crush the most powerful rebellion against constitutional government that ever broke the peace of nations. See the exhibition of the concentrated energy of his will when he replied to Gen. Buckner’s request for him to name the conditions for the surrender of Ft. Donaldson: ‘Unconditional surrender, or I will move upon your works.’ The far-sighted Lincoln beheld in this expression the revelation of the greatest soldier of the age, and he advanced him as rapidly as possible to the command of all the armies.

“Such revelations as this of mental power and purpose are always detected by men in commanding positions, and they are ever on the lookout for the young man to carry out their plans. There are more great opportunities than there are great men. Some one who has a place of power to bestow will give

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it to you, if you have the capacity to fill it.
'There is always room at the top.'

"The author of this book presents the names of Lincoln, Grant, and Garfield as proofs to all ambitious young men that they need not be discouraged at finding themselves in a lowly position. These heroes worked their way up from obscurity into the most powerful places of usefulness the world has ever known by carefully and conscientiously using the talents which God had given them. These were eminently self-made men, after God's fiat had made them of the right material, modest to a fault. They worshiped not themselves as makers of their own fortunes, but the God who had endowed them with the power to do it.

"These names are given here as contemporary with the young men who will read this book, while there are hundreds of others of all ages and nations, whose names have been introduced into the pages of history to let the light of their example so shine that borrowed rays may reflect the perfect man upon the minds of to-day's youthful aspirants.

"That nation has reason for pride and hope which sees a generation of young men growing up who are marked by lofty purposes and a noble character. No other nation has had to form the character of her sons under greater disadvantages than ours. For many years Europe has used America for a dumping-

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ground into which she cast her moral and political refuse. At a recent Fourth of July celebration in London, where three hundred American delegates to the World's Sunday-school Convention met to confess their patriotism, an eminent Englishman said that the strongest proof of our national greatness was in our ability to make good citizens out of such wretched material. I reminded him of the terrible earnestness of our purpose to do this, as revealed in the execution of the Chicago anarchists. The significance of that tragic event lay in the determination to make these men an example to all those who refuse to adopt the lofty standard of American citizenship.

“Beside this great obstacle to the development of a noble generation of young men we place another not less difficult to surmount. I refer to that pernicious literature with which American greed for gain is flooding our land, and which panders to all the natural lusts of youth. Yellow-colored novels, police expositions of crime, unblushing publications of infidel and atheistic views are being circulated with enormous rapidity, and are steadily corrupting the rising generation. It is sad and discouraging to see the railroad news-agents employed in their dissemination, and I trust that this volume may be placed in their hands for sale, and that the same persevering energy which has, through this same agency, distrib-

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uted no less than one hundred thousand of D. L. Moody's books may make such books displace the vile trash too often sold to the young and innocent.

"The author of this work has evidently made a successful effort to furnish another antidote for this worse than light literature. It is an inspiration to read this volume, and to feel in reading that it is the prophecy of myriads of other readers among the young who will catch the inspiration of its pages, and lay such a foundation of character as cannot fail to demonstrate the secret of successful living.

"I often look with pity upon young men who sit reading on the trains such works as cannot but produce moral and mental corruption. They say they are only 'killing time,' but in reality they are killing the best things in themselves.

"Follow that young man over there, who is so absorbed, and whose excited face reveals the inward tumult of his heart—follow him, I say, for the next few years, and you will soon discover that he has become an actor in the scenes of folly or vice about which he is now only a reader. His sallow face, his bleared eyes, his wasted form will tell you plainer than words the dreadful experience through which these books have led him.

"Just across the aisle from him is another young man who would scorn to read the

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stories of lust, but he has seized upon and is devouring one of Ingersoll's attacks upon the Scriptures. He follows the great sceptic as he skilfully draws the very framework—the supernatural element—out of the Bible, and leaves the venerable Book a shapeless jelly-fish. See him sneer as he reads this venomous assault upon the story of Lazarus. He joins Herod, the murderer of Jesus, and again crucifies the Son of God afresh. He is a philosopher, he believes only what can be seen and heard. But, alas! in a few short years, when trouble comes, the poor fellow finds himself drifting on life's sea without chart, compass, or anchor. Our country is full of such victims of pernicious literature. It were well if such young men could read the twelfth chapter of the book of Acts, and follow up that reading with a study of the church statistics of to-day. They will be the answer to speculative infidelity, and show whether the 'gates of hell' are prevailing against the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

"Let me ask you to look at one other young man on this same train. He has in his hand, and is greedily devouring, some standard history or treatise on some scientific question. All his faculties are awake and he grapples with great problems. A few short hours ago he opened the door of the old farm-house, where he had been carefully reared, and started out to achieve a career. His mother

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followed him to the gate, imprinted her farewell kiss upon his lips, and with tearful eyes urged him to read good books, associate with good companions, and allow himself only pure amusements. He looks as if he had determined to follow that advice, and if he does, you may be sure that it will not be many years before he will occupy an enviable place in the world.

“Good books, good companions, pure amusements, and noble purpose—ah, young man, keep them always in your heart. Above all other books, cherish the old Bible. I often think of the remark of one of England’s greatest men. ‘I have,’ said he, ‘objects in life so deeply interesting as they proceed, and so full of promise as to the magnitude of their results, that they ought to absorb my whole being. I would not exchange objects in life with any man.’

“The author of these words accomplished the abolition of slavery in the British colonies by act of Parliament. Reader, you may never have the opportunity to accomplish results of such magnitude, but you can achieve a noble life. An unseen violet is no less beautiful than one which every eye beholds. A work is no less great, although its author is forgotten or unknown. Do your work for God, the author of your being, and He will reward you if it is well done.

“I hope and I believe that the end which the author of this book so earnestly and wisely

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aims at—the ennobling of the moral natures of young men—will be, to a large degree, accomplished by its wholesome, truthful pages, and thus prove a true finger-post to the real secret of success.”

A TRIBUTE TO MRS. HAYES' TEMPERANCE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

CHICAGO, January 31, 1881.

TO MRS. PRESIDENT R. B. HAYES:

Enduring monuments are never reared without adequate motives. Marble, granite and bronze have thus testified to noble deeds in all ages and made the memory of their authors precious long after their ashes have mingled with the forgotten past.

The young men of our country connected with Christian associations for the benefit of their class in morals and religion, desire to recognize in some appropriate manner the value of your example as the presiding genius of social gatherings at the presidential mansion in banishing spirituous liquors from the table. At no time, and in no place, is it possible for a good example to exert a wider influence in the direction of aiding a pure public sentiment against the use of spirituous liquors as a beverage, and with no class can it be of so much value as with young men, who are so soon to assume places of trust in Church and State, to preserve the religious and civil liberties of our great nation. Every advance in the standard of

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national character must spring from the heart and brain of young men alive to these great interests. As a wife and a mother in the highest civil and social position in the nation, you have said to its young men by your brave act, in the face of their honored customs, "touch not, taste not, handle not the accursed thing," and by so doing have earned their lasting gratitude, for it betokens a large advance in elevated thought and pure action, from a standpoint that must make its influence felt in the lowliest hamlet as well as the highest social palace.

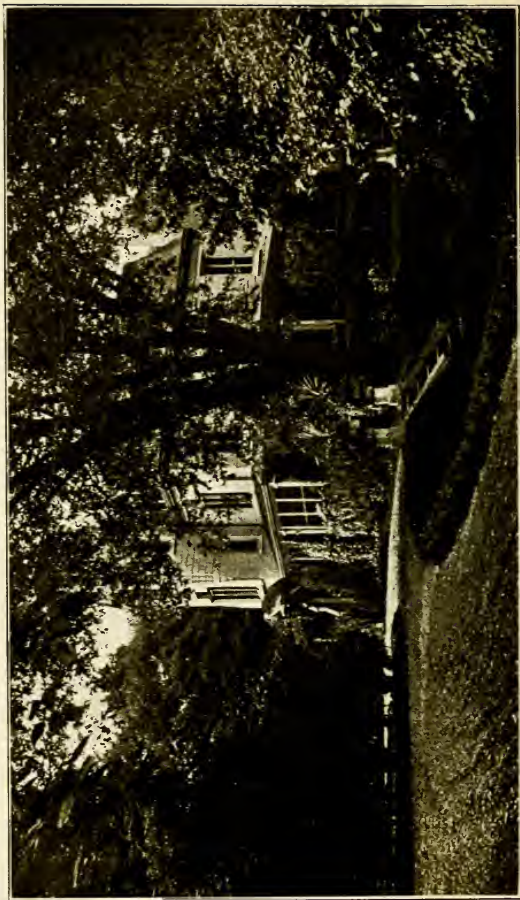
With these convictions I desire, in the name of the Young Men's Christian Associations of our country, and of the great army of young men in whose interest they are organized in the service of our common Master, to thank you for your firm and noble example in the line of pure social customs; and in token of our appreciation of the motives that inspired it and the results that must surely follow the same, we have the honor to append our autographs in the accompanying album to a testimonial from many higher and more honored sources of recognition of its benign influence.

Yours most respectfully,

JOHN V. FARWELL,

Of the State Ex. Com. for Y. M. C. A.'s.





LAKE FOREST HOME, BUILT IN 1869

ADDRESS AT THE FUNERAL OF

Mr. John D. Farwell

AUGUST 24, 1908

IN THE LAKE FOREST PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

BY THE REVEREND JAMES G. K. MCCLURE, D. D.,
LL. D., PRESIDENT OF MCCORMICK
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

EVERY one is glad that this service of love is held in a Christian church where all may assemble. It is a public service, because Mr. Farwell lived for the public. It is a religious service because Mr. Farwell found all his inspiration in religious truth.

There are times when we feel that a privilege is denied us if some voice does not attempt to speak the thoughts of our hearts—if we do not hear expressed the appreciation that lies deep within our spirits. Such a time is this. A man known, honored and beloved has completed his life-course. We are eager to tarry a little while in quietness that we may think about him, and ponder the significance of his character and services.

The story of his career is wonderful. Here is a little boy, born in western New York, threading his way with his parents into the

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unknown wilderness of Illinois. All the difficulties incident to pioneer life must be met. The family start their new home. The boy grows up. He is scarce a man in years when he leaves his home, enters Chicago and attempts to find a place for himself. Temptations of every kind are about him. The crude condition of the city as it then was makes it unprepared to offer special help to a youth coming as a stranger to it. But the young man has purpose, fixed and unalterable, to do a worthy part—to make his way—to begin the ascent of development and of usefulness. He avails himself of any work he can honorably do. He does his work so well, so faithfully, he does so much more work for his wages than could rightly be expected of him, that he catches the eye of merchants, and his services are sought by them. His foot is on the first round of the ladder! Once there, his foot mounts higher and higher, until he stands so far up that his name is known in this and other lands, and he is mentioned as one of the leaders of mankind. It almost seems, when we review such a career in an instant, as though a magician's wand had moved over the boy, and by some unexplainable process had brought about these marvelous results.

But Mr. Farwell's career was his own. No magician had aught to do with it. He was a self-made man—in the best and highest sense. It is true that he owed much to ancestry. No

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one was more ready to express such acknowledgment than himself. He came from earnest, devout, untiring parents. The first thing these parents did as soon as they put together their log house in Illinois was to build a schoolhouse and a church. They knew the power and the worth of education and religion. Mr. Farwell grew up in the best type of home America, or the world, has ever known, or will ever know. He was nourished in industry, in thrift, in ability to make a little accomplish much, in strict integrity, in outlook upon larger life, in every virtue for which the name of Christ stands.

He loved to speak of these early surroundings. They grew increasingly dear to him as his days matured. What his father and mother did for him, what his circumstances necessitated in him, what openings came to him in the first years of his living in Chicago—these were assets, great assets, on which he always set high value.

But when we estimate Mr. Farwell's career—while we take full cognizance of all the helps he had,—we cannot but see that it was he himself who made his life what it became. He entered Chicago unheralded. He came there unbacked by a single financial help. He came there with no liberal education behind him. But he had a clear brain, a strong arm, a brave heart and a clean spirit, and he was bound to make his way.

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Perhaps I dwell upon these things too emphatically. I dwell upon them because they are my joy, my stimulus. Nothing so appeals to me as the history of men who have conquered difficulties, who have wrought righteousness, who have left worthy examples. Such men enrich life—not alone for their children, but also for us all. And when we tell the story of their growth and power, we stir hope, and we stir purpose for good, in every manly heart that hears us.

Yes, he was a self-made man. And still he would not wish us to put the statement in just that form. Rather he would say, "I was a Christ-made man." I have listened to him again and again as he has told of his starting life as a Christian boy—with his knowledge of parental prayers attending him; of his coming to Chicago with defined Christian determination; of his being invited to a parlor prayer-meeting during the Revival of 1857-1858; and of his reaching in that meeting a new level of Christian consecration. For twenty-seven years he and I have walked together in close friendship. I have known him in all hours—hours of brightness and of shadow, of recreation and of labor—at home and away from home—and I am sure that back of every other thought of his heart and deed of his conduct lay his interest in Christ and the welfare of Christ's kingdom.

Every man's religion is in a certain respect his own. No one of us exactly reproduces

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the views, the methods, the expressions of another. We may hold to the same Master, but each of us has his own individuality through which he serves that Master.

Mr. Farwell's individuality was evangelistic. He loved the books, the assemblages, the addresses, that appealed to men to leave sin and choose godliness. It was this evangelism that made him so ready to give time, thought, labor and money to the first movement of the Young Men's Christian Association, and put him into vital touch with Dwight L. Moody, to whom he rendered substantial help. Throughout all his life he responded to every request that he could possibly meet to attend, participate in, and give force to meetings that sought the redemption of the lost. Until these very last months he would brave any weather, and take any necessary journey, that he might go where he could speak for his Master, where he could cheer Christian workers by his presence, words and sympathy. He believed in the need and effectiveness of rescue work. He would save exposed childhood through the mission school: he would save fallen manhood through the mission hall. His own words were: "The real business of all who would follow Christ is to save souls from death, and thus hide a multitude of sins."

So far as the situation in any given community would allow, he desired all branches of the Christian church to unite in evangelistic

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services. Union movements for the good of men appealed to him. He was an elder in this Lake Forest Presbyterian Church for thirty-six years, and he faithfully stood by and assisted the agencies of the Presbyterian denomination. But nothing rejoiced him more than to hear of great stirrings of heart and conscience when whole towns and cities were religiously aroused, and all bodies of believers were as one in their common efforts for human welfare. He longed for the day when denominational distinctions ceasing to be barriers between brethren, should become links in a chain of fellowship.

His public spirit was a marked feature of his character. It distinguished him from the very outset. He wished the good of Chicago from the day he came to it. He took part in hundreds of enterprises that had in view the development of the city. His public spirit extended beyond Chicago and Illinois to the nation. The civil war of 1861 found him doing whatever was within his power to forward troops to the front. The Christian Commission, organized for the purpose of relieving the needs of sick and wounded soldiers, received his personal attention and took him to the seat of war itself. Later his interest in the Indians expressed itself through his services on the Indian Commission of the United States.

It is given to but few lives to cover so many years and to reach their conclusion so serenely.

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Only last month he celebrated his eighty-third birthday. Flowers, gifts and loving friends were about him. Eighty-three years span a vast extent of American history. The vicinage where we now hold this service was unbroken wilderness in 1825. The city of Chicago was unknown. Later it had but 10,000 inhabitants when Mr. Farwell first entered it. Yes, eighty-three years span much even in the world's history, going back beyond all railroads and all the devices of rapid communication of every kind. The nations were far apart in 1825, the great movements of foreign missions were only starting, the ends of the earth were still undiscovered.

Those same eighty-three years span much of personal experience. One beauty of this life was that it had many difficulties to surmount, many conflicts to pass through, many burdens to bear—and that out of all these difficulties, conflicts, burdens, it came, like a ship outriding the storms—sweetly and happily to its consummation. If life had been all ease to Mr. Farwell, his career would never have been so significant.

I scarcely know of anything more beautiful than his declining days. Here in Lake Forest he lived amidst trees and flowers and birds. The great commercial enterprises associated with his name were led and managed by those in whom he reposed perfect confidence. He had no anxieties for the material interests of

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life. He could read what he desired to read, and whenever he thought his pen would throw light upon any problems of church or state, he could make his contribution to the press. He could correspond with good men throughout the world. He could dip deeper and deeper into his copy of the Bible that was marked by his own hand with notes that illuminated its meaning. He could attend public worship and bear his testimony to the joy and support of Christian faith. He could send out his benefactions to worthy causes far and near.

Most marked of all the beauty of these last days was the presence of his entire family circle within the brief radius of this community. Every child was here. Every child had residence here. Every child could come to see him well-nigh daily. All the grandchildren called Lake Forest home, and could bring the brightness and cheer of their loving greetings to him. Best of all, every one of his children and every one of his grandchildren was a comfort to his heart. For each he might thank God every day.

So it was that he and Mrs. Farwell knew together the rare joy of having all their family line rise up to bless them, and they drew the closer to one another as they realized that God in his goodness had made their cup to overflow.

A life like this does not die. It lives on in institutions, in movements, and in men. Names may be forgotten. Be it so! But the influences that are embodied in institutions,

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movements and men, abide—and do their work—and the world grows better. Blessed is the man who lies down in his grave to have his helpful work follow him throughout eternity.

I have said these words with a full heart. They are the words of one who loved Mr. Farwell, and who rejoiced in his friendship. Twenty-seven years ago he bade me leave my Eastern home and venture upon a pastorate here, and he pledged me his help. During all these years he has been my encouragement. There have been hundreds of times when we have talked together of the Christ and knelt together in petition for the Kingdom.

With the greatest humility he approached his earthly end. His hope was not in his love to God, but in God's love to him. He depended upon the merciful, forgiving grace of God. Through that grace, and that grace alone, he expected to see the face of God and enter upon a new and larger life. In that expectation he patiently and sweetly faced the experiences of these closing days, and went to sleep in God.

From that sleep we believe there is the awakening which means perfect vision, perfect likeness and perfect service.

In our belief, we greet this hour for him with the trumpet-note of victory, and for ourselves with a strengthened consecration to earnest and Christlike living.

ADDRESS AT MEMORIAL SERVICES FOR

Mr. John V. Farwell

SEPTEMBER 27, 1908

IN THE COLLEGE MEMORIAL CHAPEL
LAKE FOREST

BY PROFESSOR JOHN J. HALSEY, LL. D.

“THERE is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel.” Such was the lament of that man of might, King David, over the death of one of the most virile, most commanding, and most engaging of the heroes of three thousand years ago. The centuries pass, and from time to time the words become once more appropriate, as one who has been a leader in thought or in action goes from us. With especial appropriateness the words filled the thought of many the other day when we laid to rest a pioneer of Lake Forest, of Chicago, and of the Northwest. Many words of appreciation have already been spoken, by the churches and by the press, in honor of the career of John V. Farwell, the veteran of fourscore and more years whose erect and commanding form beneath its snowy crown of youthful age was so recently a familiar sight to each one of us. My personal

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call is to note for you a few salient features of the man, as I have caught them in an affectionate intimacy bounded by the years of his old age, and to suggest therefrom what he taught those who knew him best.

One noted almost at first glance that one corner-stone of his character was temperance. No one could face that stalwart form, that incisive gaze, and that embodied emphasis of all abounding vitality, without realizing that Mr. Farwell had always lived a clean and a wholesome life, that all his powers of body, as of mind, had been handled by him as a gift from his Maker, to be conserved and yet used as a trust for the world in which he lived. *A sane mind in a sound body* is the epitome of his whole life, and in it there is a message of inspiration for every young man or young woman who knew him or who shall hear of him. So, at a period of life when to too many, alas ! it is true that the evil days come and the years have drawn nigh when they must say "I have no pleasure in them," his unimpaired mind produced that crown of his fourscore years which the press so recently gave us in "Corner-stones of Character."

For him a second essential characteristic was industry. The son of the farm and of the plough, he brought thence not only the splendid physique and the robust health which so marked him, but also a spirit of work, which soon made him a master of business process,

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and a commander of men. His name and his life were for two generations so involved in the upbuilding and progress of industrial Chicago that no one can be mentioned who outranks him in this respect. This feature of his character is so obvious that it needs but to be mentioned, but in it lies a splendid incentive to those who are coming after, and to whom Mr. Farwell's business distinction is continually preaching the gospel of work.

Yet this is the characteristic of the man of which we may to-day be least regardful. Had his career been arrested there, it were easy to reproduce its lessons from scores of lives familiar to those who have known the men of Chicago in the period since the civil war. Industry, devotion and almost herculean powers combined, can be found so often as to become commonplace. But Mr. Farwell was all his life long lifted out of the realm of the commonplace by his third characteristic. He idealized life, and thereby brought it into the realm of the spiritual. His first ideal was the home, and he made his a place of hallowed relationships and of inspiring associations, as is witnessed to-day in the beautiful homes all around us which have come out of his. His next ideal was the uplifting and perfecting of young manhood throughout the land, and a half century of life for the Young Men's Christian Association is full of the gifts and the personal labors of this inspiring man. Had he been a

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half-hearted idealist he might have rested content with the gifts from his material treasure, but he gave *himself*. More than once in the last ten years a Y. M. C. A. lecturer who travels widely, on returning from some trip, has expressed to me his surprise at finding Mr. Farwell in some far distant town, catching with him an early train or eating at a railway lunch-counter while *en route* to or from some errand for the promotion of the beloved work. The man who adds some *avocation* to his life's *vocation* is a wise man, if his avocation be no more than a hobby, for therein he finds the relaxation and salvation from a business that might otherwise overmaster and destroy him. Mr. Farwell's avocation for a life time was the work for young men, and his monument of glory is there.

One more trait, however, is the culmination of the man, and that was aspiration. To those who knew him only casually or superficially Mr. Farwell was such an incarnation of energy and of action, that to them, I suspect, his life seemed an objective one, absorbed in and summed up in the things that he did. But to me the subjective life of this veteran master of men and of affairs was the supreme part of him, as I think it was to his own consciousness. His accomplishment of many remarkable things was talked of by others, not by himself. Those who shared his meditations in these later years know that he thought on

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quite different things. His words in the church prayer-meetings, either in address or in prayer, were to me, for thirty years, the measure of the man. Those who are familiar with the thought and language of midweek prayer-meetings know that, as men gain fluency, even the prayers too often tend to become hortatory and didactic. I have never known any one whose words, over a long period of years, so thoroughly escaped that somewhat unedifying form of worship. His prayer was for himself, and therefore helped others. Its dominant strains were confession and aspiration. As one heard this man, distinguished in two hemispheres for his success in business life and for his large service to the cause of young manhood,—one understood that this “prince in Israel” fought his own stern battle with his own soul daily, seeking to rise on his dead self to higher things, and that his quest of the spiritual was, after all, to him the supreme business of life. That he had the vision of God, his irradiated face often bore witness, and then the benediction fell on those about him. His faith in God, his love for Jesus Christ, his confession of his own failures to attain, his confident yet pleading aspiration, finally his humble yet serene acceptance, made up a simple yet commanding and triumphant type of worship.

The superb temperance, the great achievement, the large vision, of this completed life are

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calling to us from the past, each with its suggestion and its lesson for our own lives. But beyond all that, the soul life of this one who struggled valiantly and successfully for the peace of God is speaking to each one of us to-day, and calling us to set ever before our faces the upward way, from the things that perish to things spiritual and abiding —

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we climb
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

Now, at length, the highest round has been reached, and by it he has ascended into the presence of God. It is for us to take the lessons this life has taught us, and pass them on to those who come after.







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